BEAUTIES

IN

PROSE and VERSE.

BEAUTIES

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

SELECTED

FROM THE MOST CELEBRATED

AUTHORS,

ANTIENT AND MODERN, *viz.*

Blair,	Robertſon,	Cunningham,
Goldſmith,	Cicero,	Shenſtone,
Sterne,	Jenyns,	Merrick,
Percival,	Fordyce,	Cotton,
Aikin,	Johnſon,	Greville,
Brooke,	Harris,	Addiſon,
Geſner,	Collins,	Parnell,
Drummond,	Carter,	Melmoth,
Pliny,	Moore,	Gray, &c.

With ſome Original Pieces.

The Whole calculated to Exhibit the moſt ſtriking Pictures of VIRTUE and VICE to the Minds of YOUTH.

STOCKTON:

Printed and Sold by R. CHRISTOPHER.

M.DCC.LXXXIII.

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PREFACE.

AS the proper inſtruction of Youth is a matter that tends highly to the public good, and as the following Book is compiled chiefly with a deſign to facilitate *their* ſtudies, it is earneſtly recommended to the peruſal of all Maſters both of public and private Schools, humbly preſuming they will find it not unworthy their patronage.

As there are many compilations of the like kind now extant, which doubtleſs have been of the greateſt utility to a riſing generation, it will probably be advanced, What need of more? The anſwer is obvious: there cannot be too many books adapted to purpoſes ſo laudable; and it is evident from the dictates of reaſon and nature, that the

Youthful mind is fond of Novelty, and by a dull repitition becomes ſlothful and indolent.

It may with truth be aſſerted, that with regard to quantity, no cheaper book has yet been offered to the public. The Paper is good, the Type large and diſtinct, and calculated for reading publicly, without labouring under the diſagreeable neceſſity of looking ſo very minutely, and frequently erring from the ſmallneſs of the print.

It has been endeavoured to ſelect pieces expreſſive of the Paſſions, fraught with elegance of language and happineſs of ſentiment, ſtill adhering to the ſtricteſt Morality and Virtue; and, *in general*, ſuch as have not been copied into works of a ſimilar kind: yet there are ſome pieces of peculiar merit, which to

to have rejected on that account, would have diſcovered a want of taſte and judgment.

Notwithſtanding the chief deſign was for the uſe of ſchools, it may, with propriety, be recommended to all ages and claſſes of life; for here the Chriſtian may ſee the duties he owes his fellow-creatures; the unfeeling Heart (if ſuch there be) may learn an excellent leſſon from the pathetic ſtory of Le Fever; the Tyrant may be taught humanity; and the young Reader may, by peruſing this, form an idea of the merits of the writers: and as the Contents are prefixed, with the names of the various authors, be thereby led to read their whole works.

It may not be improper to obſerve, that ſeveral pieces are taken from the late publication of the celebrated Dr. Blair,

BLAIR, whoſe great abilities in literature are too well known to need any encomiums.

The Poetical department needs no recommendation, as it contains many juſtly admired pieces of our beſt Engliſh Poets, with ſome originals which the Editor has been favoured with, by a Gentleman whoſe name would do credit to this performance.

If any thing has been hit upon that may the leaſt conduce to the improvement of Youth, or the benefit of Society, it will be a *pleaſing* compenſation for the trouble of the Compiler.

CONTENTS.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE.
ON Reading.	*Goldſmith.*	13
The Wooden Leg, an Helvetic Tale.	*Geſner.*	16
A Remarkable Inſtance of True Friendſhip.	*Brooke.*	24
Anecdote of Archbiſhop Sharpe.		27
Good-natured Credulity.	*Percival.*	31
The Emperor of Germany's Preſcription.		35
The Effects of Gaming.	*Percival.*	37
The Story of Maria, part 1ſt.	*Sterne.*	42
——————— 2d part.	*ibid.*	46
The Story of Le Fever.	*ibid.*	51
——————Continued.	*ibid.*	61
Yorick's Death.	*ibid.*	69
A View of Bedlam.	*Man of Feeling.*	73
On Self-Conceit, Preſumption, and Obſtinacy.	*Blair.*	81
On Sincerity and Truth.	*ibid.*	83
On Benevolence and Humanity.	*ib.*	86
On Temperance in Pleaſure.	*ibid.*	90
On Diligence, Induſtry, and Idleneſs.	*ibid.*	93
The Art of Happineſs.	*World*	99

Virtue

PAGE.
Virtue Man's True Intereſt. *Harris.* 104
Adam's Prayer after the Interment of Abel. *Geſner.* 107
The Canal and the Brook, a Reverie. *Aikin.* 111
The Story of a Diſabled Soldier. *Goldſmith.* 117
A Remarkable Inſtance of Filial Duty. *Pliny.* 128
The Story of Dionyſius the Tyrant. *Cicero.* 130
The Reſignation of the Emperor Charles V. *Robertſon.* 132
An Example of Britiſh Intrepidity. 139
The Hill of Science, a Viſion. *Aikin.* 141
On Entrance into Life, and the Conduct of Early Manhood. 151
On Cruelty to Inferior Animals. *Jenyns.* 160
The Journey of a Day, a Picture of Human Life. *Johnſon.* 164
The Progreſs of Youth. *ibid.* 171
The Strength of Paternal Affection. *Spectator.* 176
A Narration of a Real Fact. *Fordyce.* 182

The

PAGE.
The Shipwreck. *Plain Dealer.* 186
The Story of the Eremite. *More.* 190
Ormah, an Eaſtern Tale. 195
On the Love of Life. *Goldſmith.* 205
Mercy Recommended. *Sterne.* 211
Detached Sentences. *Various.* 212

POETRY.

Haſſan, or the Camel-Driver. *Collins.* 217
Day, a Paſtoral, in three Parts,
I. Morning, *Cunningham.* 220
II. Noon, *ibid.* 221
III. Evening. *ibid.* 223
Corydon, a Paſtoral, to the Memory of *Wm. Shenſtone,* Eſq; *ibid.* 224
The Country Clergyman. *Goldſmith.* 225
Edwin and Angelina. *ibid.* 227
The Thunder Storm. *Carter.* 232
The Evening Walk. *ibid.* 234
A Soliloquy, written in a Country Church-Yard. *Moore.* 235
The Hermit and his Dog. 238
Life, an Ode. 240

On

PAGE.

On Ceremony. *Drummond.* 242
A Father's Advice to his Son. *ib.*
Gratitude, an Ode. 246
The Wiſh. *Merrick.* 247
The Wanderer. 248
The Fiſherman. 252
A Paſtoral in four Parts,
I. Abſence, *Shenſtone.* 253
II. Hope, *ibid.* 255
III. Solicitude, *ibid.* 257
IV. Diſappointment. *ibid.* 259
The Fireſide. *Cotton.* 260
The Mouſe's Petition. *Aikin.* 263
Indifference. *Greville.* 265
The Contemplatiſt. 267
Creation. *Addiſon.* 268
The Hermit. *Parnell.* 269
Elegy of a Nightingale. *Melmoth.* 277
The Grave, a Poem. *Blair.* 279
On a Canary Bird which made its Eſcape from a Cage. 289
November, an Elegy. 291
An Elegy, written in a Country Church-Yard. *Gray.* 296

BEAUTIES

BEAUTIES IN PROSE.

On READING.

IN an age when pleaſure diſſuades from application, rob not by preſent gratification, the ſucceeding period of life of its happineſs. Sacrifice a little pleaſure at firſt to the expectance of greater. The ſtudy of a very few years, will make the reſt of life compleatly eaſy.

There is an unſpeakable pleaſure attending the life of a voluntary ſtudent. The firſt time I read an excellent book, it is to me juſt as if I had gained a new friend. When I read over a book I have peruſed before, it reſembles the meeting with an old one. We ought

to lay hold of every incident in life for improvement, the trifling as well as the important. It is not one diamond alone which gives luſtre to another, a common coarſe ſtone is alſo employed for that purpoſe.

It is of no importance to read much, except you be regular in your reading. If it be interrupted for any conſiderable time, it can never be attended with proper improvement. In proportion as ſociety refines, new books muſt ever become more neceſſary. Savage ruſticity is reclaimed by oral admonition alone; but the elegant exceſſes of refinement, are beſt corrected by the ſtill voice of ſtudious inquiry.

Inſtead, therefore, of thinking with many the number of new publications too great, I could wiſh it ſtill greater, as they are the moſt uſeful inſtruments of reformation. The volumes of antiquity, like medals, may ſerve to amuſe the curious, but the works of the moderns, like the current coin of a kingdom, are much better for immediate uſe; even allowing the works of our anceſtors better written, yet thoſe of the moderns acquire a real value, by being

being marked with the impreſſion of the times. Antiquity has been in the poſſeſſion of others, the preſent is our own; let us firſt therefore learn to know what belongs to ourſelves, and then, if we have leiſure, caſt our reflections back to the reign of Shonou, who (as the Chineſe ſay) governed twenty thouſand years before the creation of the moon.

It was a ſaying of the ancients, that a man never opens a book, without reaping ſome advantage by it; I ſay with them, that there are few books from which ſomething uſeful may not be gathered. However, youth ſhould be careful to avoid thoſe performances where vice aſſumes the face of virtue, and ſeek wiſdom and knowledge without ever thinking they have found them. A man is wiſe while he continues in the purſuit of wiſdom; but when he once fancies that he has found the object of his enquiry, he then becomes a fool. Learn to purſue virtue from the man that is blind, who never makes a ſtep without firſt examining the ground with his ſtaff.

The world is like a vaſt ſea, mankind like a veſſel ſailing on its tempeſtuous boſom. Our prudence is its ſails, the ſciences ſerve us for oars, good or bad fortune are the favourable or contrary winds, and judgment is the rudder; without this laſt, the veſſel is toſſed by every billow, and will find ſhipwreck in every breeze. In a word, obſcurity and indigence are the parents of vigilance and œconomy; vigilance and œconomy, of riches and honour; riches and honour, of pride and luxury; pride and luxury, of impurity and idleneſs; and impurity and idleneſs again produce indigence and obſcurity. Such are the revolutions of life.

THE WOODEN LEG:
An Helvetic Tale.

ON the mountain from whence the torrent of Runti precipitates into the valley, a young ſhepherd fed his goats. His pipe called echo gayly from the hollow rocks, and echo bid the vallies ſeven times reſound his ſongs melodious,

melodious. On a ſudden he perceived a man climbing with pain the mountain's ſide. The man was old; years had blanch'd his head. A ſtaff bent beneath his heavy tottering ſteps, for he had a wooden leg. He approached the young man, and ſeated himſelf by him on the moſs of the rock. The young ſhepherd looked at him with ſurpriſe, and his eyes were fixed on the wooden leg. My ſon, ſaid the old man, ſmiling, do you not think that, infirm as I am, I ſhould have done better to have remained in the valley? Know, however, that I make this journey but once a year, and this leg, as you ſee it, my friend, is more honourable to me, than are to many the moſt ſtrait and active. I don't doubt, father, replied the ſhepherd, but it is very honourable to you, though, I dare ſay, another would be more uſeful. Without doubt, you are tired. Will you drink ſome milk from my goats, or ſome of the freſh water that ſpouts below from the hollow of the rock?

Old Man. I like the frankneſs painted on thy viſage. A little freſh water will be ſufficient. If you will bring it me

hither, you ſhall hear the hiſtory of this wooden leg. The young ſhepherd ran to the fountain, and ſoon returned.

When the old man had quenched his thirſt, he ſaid, let young people, when they behold their fathers maimed, and covered over with ſcars, adore the Almighty power, and bleſs their valour; for without that you would have bowed your necks beneath the yoke, inſtead of thus baſking in the ſun's warmth, and making the echos repeat your joyful notes. Mirth and gaiety inhabit theſe hills and vallies, while your ſongs reſound from one mountain to the other. Liberty! ſweet liberty! All we ſee around us is our own. We cultivate our own fields with pleaſure. The crops we reap are ours; and the time of the harveſt is with us rejoicing days.

Young Shepherd. He does not deſerve to be a freeman, who can forget that his liberty was purchaſed with the blood of his forefathers.

Old Man. But who, in their place, would not have done as they did? Ever ſince that bloody day of Nefels, I come once a year to the top of this mountain; but I perceive that I am now

now come for the laſt time. From hence I ſtill behold the order of the battle, where liberty made us conquerors. See, it was on that ſide the army of the enemy advanced; thouſands of lances glittered at a diſtance with more than two hundred horſemen covered with ſumptuous armour. The plumes that ſhaded their helmets nodded as they marched, and the earth reſounded with their horſes hoofs. Our little troop was already broke. We were but three or four hundred men. The cries of the defeat were re-echoed from every ſide, and the ſmoke of Nefels in flames filled the valley, and ſpread with horror along the mountains. However, at the bottom of a hill, where we now are, our chief had placed himſelf. He was there, where thoſe two pines ſhoot up from the edge of that pointed rock. I think I ſee him now, ſurrounded by a ſmall number of warriors, firm, immoveable, and calling around him the diſperſed troops. I hear the ruſtling of the ſtandard that he waved in the air; it was like the ſound of the wind that precedes a hurricane. From every ſide they ran towards

towards him. Doſt thou ſee thoſe floods ruſh down from the mountains? Stones, rocks, and trees, overthrown, in vain oppoſe their courſe; they o'erleap, or bear down all before them, and meet together at the bottom of that pool: So we ran to the cry of our general, cutting our way through the enemy. Ranked around the hero, we made a vow, and God was our witneſs, to conquer or die. The enemy, advancing in order of battle, poured down impetuouſly upon us; we attacked them in our turn. Eleven times we returned to the charge; but, always forced to retire to the ſhelter of theſe hills, we there cloſed our ranks, and became unſhaken as the rock by which we were protected. At laſt, inforced by thirty Swiſs warriors, we fell ſuddenly on the enemy, like the fall of a mountain, or as ſome mighty rock deſcends, rolls through the foreſt, and with a horrid cruſh lays waſte the trees that interrupt its courſe. On every ſide the enemy, both horſe and foot, confounded in a moſt dreadful tumult, overthrew each other to eſcape our rage. Grown furious by the combat, we trod under

foot

ſoot the dead and dying, to extend vengeance ſtill farther. I was in the middle of the battle. A horſeman of the enemy in his flight rode over me, and cruſhed my leg. The ſoldier who fought the neareſt to me, ſeeing my condition, took me on his ſhoulders, and ran with me out of the field of battle. A holy father was proſtrate on a rock not far diſtant, and imploring Heaven to aid us.---Take care, good father, of this warrior, my deliverer cried; he has fought like a ſon of liberty! He ſaid, and flew back to the combat. The victory was ours, my ſon, it was ours! but many of us were left extended on the heaps of the enemy. Thus the weary Mower repoſes on the ſheaves himſelf has made. I was careſully attended; I was cured; but never could find out the man to whom I owe my life. I have ſought him in vain, I have made vows and pilgrimages, that ſome ſaint of Paradiſe, or ſome angel, would reveal him to me. But, alas! all my efforts have been fruitleſs. I ſhall never in this life ſhew him my gratitude. The young ſhepherd, having heard the old warrior, with tears in his

his eyes, ſaid: No, father, in this life you can never ſhew him your gratitude. The old man, ſurpriſed, cried, Heavens! what doſt thou ſay? Doſt thou know, my ſon, who my deliverer was?

Young Shepherd. I am much deceived; if it was not my father. Often he has told me the ſtory of that battle, and often have I heard him ſay, I wonder if the man I carried from the battle be ſtill alive!

Old Man. O God! O angels of heaven! was that generous man thy father!

Young Shepherd. He had a ſcar here, (pointing to his left cheek) he had been wounded with a lance; perhaps it was before he carried you from the field.

Old Man. His cheek was covered with blood when he bore me off. O my child! my ſon!

Young Shepherd. He died two years ago; and, as he was poor, I am forced for ſubſiſtence to keep theſe goats. The old man embraced him, and ſaid, Heaven be praiſed! I can recompence thee for his generoſity. Come, my ſon! come with me, and let ſome other keep thy goats.

They

They deſcended the hill together, and walked towards the old man's dwelling. He was rich in lands and flocks, and a lovely daughter was his only heir. My child, ſaid he to her, he that ſaved my life was the father of this young Shepherd. If thou canſt love him, I ſhall be happy to ſee you united. The young man was an amiable perſon; health and pleaſure ſhone in his countenance; locks of yellow gold ſhaded his forehead, and the ſparkling fire of his eyes was ſoftened by a ſweet modeſty. The young maiden, with an ingenuous reſerve. aſked three days to reſolve; but the third appeared to her a very long one. She gave her hand to the young Shepherd; and the old man with tears of joy, ſaid to them: My bleſſing reſt upon you my children! This day has made me the moſt happy of mortals.

A REMARK-

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN Damon was ſentenced, by Dionyſius of Syracuſe, to die on ſuch a day, he prayed permiſſion, in the interim, to retire to his own country, to ſettle the affairs of his diſconſolate family. This the tyrant intended moſt peremptorily to refuſe, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impoſſible conditions of his procuring ſome one to remain as hoſtage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the conditions, did not wait for an application on the part of Damon; he inſtantly offered himſelf in the place of his friend, and Damon was ſet at liberty. When the day of the deſtined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curioſity to viſit Pythias in his dungeon, where he reproached him for his raſhneſs, and told him that the return of Damon would make him as great a fool as himſelf. My lord, ſaid Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aſpect, would it were poſſible I might ſuffer a thouſand deaths, rather than my friend ſhould fail

fail in the article of his honour. I am as confident of his honour as I am of my own exiſtence; he prayed the winds to oppoſe his coming. I have redeemed a life a thouſand times of more conſequence, of more eſtimation, than my own; more eſtimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, and to his country. The fatal day arrived; Pythias was brought forth, and walked with a ſerious but ſatisfied air, to the place of execution.

Dionyſius was already there, exalted on a moving throne, drawn by ſix white horſes, and ſat penſive and attentive to the demeanor of the priſoner. Pythias came; he vaulted lightly on the ſcaffold; and beholding, for ſome time, the apparatus of death, he turned with a pleaſed countenance, and addreſſed the aſſembly. My prayers are heard, he cried, the Gods are propitious! after telling them the impoſſibility of Damon's return, the wind being againſt him. Be it ſufficient, that my friend will be found noble, that his truth is unimpeachable, that he will ſpeedily approve it, and is now hurrying on, accuſing himſelf, the adverſe winds, and

the gods. But I haſte to prevent his ſpeed; executioner, to your office.

As he pronounced the laſt words, a buzzing began to riſe among the remoteſt of the people. A diſtant voice was heard. The croud caught the word; and, ſtop, ſtop the execution, was repeated by the whole aſſembly. A man came at full ſpeed, the throng gave way to his approach; he was mounted on a ſteed of foam. In an inſtant he was off his horſe, on the ſcaffold, and Pythias ſtraitly embraced.---You are ſafe, he cried, you are ſafe, my friend, my beloved; the gods be praiſed, you are ſafe! I now have nothing but death to ſuffer, and I am delivered from the anguiſh of thoſe reproaches which I gave myſelf, for having endangered a life ſo much dearer than my own.

Pale, cold, and half ſpeechleſs in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied, in broken accents,—fatal haſte!—cruel impatience!--what envious powers have wrought impoſſibilities in your favour? —But, I will not be wholly diſappointed—ſince I cannot die to ſave, I will not ſurvive you.

Dionyſius

Dionyſius heard, beheld, and conſidered all with aſtoniſhment. His heart was touched; his eyes were opened; and he could no longer refuſe his aſſent to truths ſo inconteſtable, approved by their facts.

He deſcended from the throne, and aſcended the ſcaffold—Live, live, ye incomparable pair! he exclaimed: Ye have born unqueſtionable teſtimony to the exiſtence of virtue, which equally evinces the certainty of a God to reward it. Live happy, live renowned! and, O, form me by your precepts, as ye have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of ſo ſacred a *friendſhip!*

Anecdote *of* ARCHBISHOP SHARPE.

IT was his Lordſhip's cuſtom, in his journies, generally to have a ſaddle-horſe attend his carriage, that, in caſe of fatigue from ſitting, he might take the refreſhment of a ride. In his advanced age, and but a few years before his death, as he was going in this man-

ner to his epiſcopal reſidence, and was got a mile or two before his carriage; a decently dreſſed, well-looking young man, on horſeback, came up, and with a trembling hand, and faultering tone of voice, preſented a piſtol to his Lordſhip's breaſt, demanding his money. The Archbiſhop, with great compoſure, turned about, and looking ſtedfaſtly at him, deſired he would remove that dangerous weapon, and tell him fairly his condition.

"Sir, Sir, with great heſitancy and agitation, cried the youth, no words—'tis not a time,—your money inſtantly." "Hear me, young man; come on with me. I, you ſee, am a very old man, and my life is of very little conſequence; your's ſeems far otherwiſe. I am named Sharpe, the Archbiſhop of York; my carriage and ſervants are behind; but conceal your perturbations, and tell me what money you want, and who you are; and on the word of my character, I'll not injure you, but prove a friend: here, take this—and now tell me how much you want to make you independent of ſo dangerous and deſtructive a buſineſs as you are now engaged

engaged in." "Oh! Sir, replied the man, I deteſt the buſineſs as much as you. I am—but—but—at home, there are creditors who will not ſtay: fifty pounds, my Lord, would indeed do what no thought or tongue beſides my own can feel." "Well, Sir, I take it on your word; and, upon my honour, if you will compoſe yourſelf for a day or two, and then call on me at——, what I have now given ſhall be made up that ſum; truſt me, I'll not deceive you."

The highwayman looked at him, was ſilent, and went off; and at the time appointed actually waited on the Archbiſhop, was received, and, by his almoſt unparalleled magnanimity, enabled juſt to aſſure his Lordſhip, that he hoped his words had left impreſſions which no inducement of want of money could ever efface.

Nothing more of him tranſpired for a year and a half, or more; when, one morning, a perſon knocked at his Grace's gate, and with a peculiar earneſtneſs of expreſſion and countenance, deſired to ſee him. The Biſhop ordered the ſtranger to be brought in: he en-

tered the room where his Lordſhip was ſitting, but had ſcarce advanced a few ſteps, before his countenance changed, his knees tottered, and he ſunk in an inſtant almoſt breathleſs on the floor. Proper means to revive him were uſed, and at length, on recovering, he requeſted his Lordſhip for an audience in private. The apartment being cleared, "My lord, ſaid he, you cannot have forgotten the circumſtances at ſuch a time and place; God and gratitude will never ſuffer them to be obliterated from my mind. In me, my Lord, you now behold that once moſt wretched of mankind, and now, by your inexpreſſible humanity, rendered equal, perhaps ſuperior, in happineſs to millions. Oh, my Lord,——(tears for a while preventing his utterance) 'tis *you*, 'tis *you*, that have ſaved me, body and ſoul!——'tis *you* that have ſaved a dear and much-loved wife, and a little brood of children, whom I tendered dearer than my life. Here is that fifty pounds; but no where, never ſhall I find a language to teſtify what I feel: your God is your witneſs; your deed itſelf is your glory; and may heaven

heaven, and all our thouſand bleſſings, be your preſent and everlaſting reward! I was the younger ſon of a wealthy man; your Lordſhip knew him, I am ſure; my name is ——; my marriage alienated his affections, and my brother withdrew his love, and left me to ſorrow and penury. My diſtreſſes—but your good heart already knows them. A month ſince, my brother died a bachelor and inteſtate; what was *his* is become *mine;* and by your——your aſtoniſhing goodneſs, I am now, at once, the moſt penitent, the moſt grateful, and happieſt of my ſpecies."

GOOD-NATURED CREDULITY.

A Chaldean Peaſant was conducting a goat to the city of Bagdat. He was mounted on an aſs, and the goat followed him, with a bell ſuſpended from his neck. "I ſhall ſell theſe animals, ſaid he to himſelf, for thirty pieces of ſilver; and with this money I can purchaſe a new turban, and a rich veſtment

veſtment of taffaty, which I will tie with a ſaſh of purple ſilk. The young damſels will then ſmile more favourably upon me; and I ſhall be the fineſt man at the Moſque."

Whilſt the Peaſant was thus anticipating in idea his future enjoyments, three artful rogues concerted a ſtratagem to plunder him of his preſent treaſures. As he moved ſlowly along, one of them ſlipped off the bell from the neck of the goat, and faſtening it, without being perceived, to the tail of the aſs, carried away his booty. The man riding upon the aſs, and hearing the ſound of the bell, continued to muſe without the leaſt ſuſpicion of the loſs which he had ſuſtained. Happening however, a ſhort time afterwards, to turn about his head, he diſcovered, with grief and aſtoniſhment, that the animal was gone, which conſtituted ſo conſiderable a part of his riches: And he inquired, with the utmoſt anxiety, after his goat, of every traveller whom he met.

The ſecond rogue now accoſted him, and ſaid, "I have juſt ſeen in yonder fields, a man in great haſte, dragging along

along with him a goat." The Peaſant diſmounted with precipitation, and requeſted the obliging ſtranger to hold his aſs, that he might loſe no time in overtaking the thief. He inſtantly began the purſuit, and having traverſed, in vain, the courſe that was pointed out to him, he came back fatigued and breathleſs to the place from whence he ſet out; where he found neither his aſs, nor the deceitful informer, to whoſe care he had entruſted him.

As he walked penſively onwards, overwhelmed with ſhame, vexation, and diſappointment; his attention was rouſed by the loud complaints and lamentations of a poor man, who ſat by the ſide of a well. He turned out of the way to ſympathiſe with a brother in affliction, recounted his own misfortunes, and inquired the cauſe of that violent ſorrow, which ſeemed to oppreſs him. Alas! ſaid the poor man, in the moſt piteous tone of voice, as I was reſting here to drink, I dropped into the water a caſket full of diamonds, which I was employed to carry to the Caliph at Bagdat: and I ſhall be put to death on the ſuſpicion of having

ſecreted

ſecreted ſo valuable a treaſure. Why do not you jump into the well in ſearch of the caſket, cried the Peaſant, aſtoniſhed at the ſtupidity of his new acquaintance? Becauſe it is deep, replied the man, and I can neither dive nor ſwim. But will you undertake this kind office for me, and I will reward you with thirty pieces of ſilver? The Peaſant accepted the offer with exultation, and whilſt he was putting off his caſſock, veſt, and ſlippers, poured out his ſoul in thankſgivings to the holy Prophet, for this providential ſuccour. But the moment he plunged into the water, in ſearch of the pretended caſket, the man (who was one of the three rogues that had concerted the plan of robbing him) ſeized upon his garments, and bore them off in ſecurity to his comrades.

Thus, through inattention, ſimplicity, and credulity, was the unfortunate Chaldean duped of all his little poſſeſſions; and he haſtened back to his cottage, with no other covering for his nakedneſs, than a tattered garment which he borrowed on the road.

THE

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY'S PRESCRIPTION.

AS the Emperor was riding through the ſtreets of Vienna, a young lad making his way through the croud, came up to the coach and exclaimed in the plaintive accents of heart-felt grief: "Oh ſire! ſee me here, for the firſt time, a beggar! what I would never think of doing for myſelf, duty and filial concern bid me undertake. My mother, alas! is reduced by ſickneſs, to the utmoſt miſery; her life ebbs apace; I want but one florin to procure her the advice of a phyſician: would your Imperial majeſty give me but that one florin, we might ſtill be happy!" ——The emperor aſked ſome queſtions concerning the ſituation and place of abode of the ſick woman, gave the florin, and, whilſt the lad was flying on the wings of impatience to a doctor, the emperor by a ſhorter way, drove to the place where the woman lived: he alighted at the corner of the ſtreet, and wrapping himſelf in the cloak of one of his attendants went to the woman,

man, enquired into her ſituation, the ſymptoms of her diſorder, and aſking for pen and ink, ſaid he would write a preſcription for her; this done, he retired. His majeſty hardly reached his coach again ere the youth arrived, leading in a phyſician; the mother thanked her boy, but told him that a doctor had juſt been in and wrote a preſcription for her: the phyſician ſeeing the ſlip of paper lying on the table, took it up.——It was a preſcription, indeed! ſuch as would out-do a doctor's pill, it contained an order for fifty ducats upon the comptroller of his majeſty's houſehold.——This is being truly a ſovereign! it is the way to reign (as every monarch ſhould) over the hearts of his grateful ſubjects. Flattery, thou curſed bane of courts, avaunt! and ne'er approach this generous prince, leſt thy poiſonous breath ſhould blaſt ſo promiſing a bloſſom.

THE EFFECTS OF GAMING.

THAT the love of gaming has its foundation in avarice, is an undoubted truth; but it proceeds from a ſpecies of covetouſneſs, differing from every other. Salluſt, in his character of Cataline, has given us an exact definition of it; *Alieni appetens, ſui profuſus; Profuſe of his own, greedy of the property of another.* The deſtructive conſequences of this vice will be evinced by the melancholy hiſtory of Lyſander. This unfortunate youth was the only ſon of Hortenſius, a gentleman of large fortune; who with a paternal eye watched over his education, and ſuffered no means to be neglected, which might promote his future uſefulneſs, honour, or happineſs. Under ſuch tuition, he grew up improving in every amiable accompliſhment. His perſon was graceful, and his countenance the picture of his ſoul, lively, ſweet, and penetrating. By his own application, and the aſſiſtance of ſuitable preceptors, he was maſter of the whole circle of ſciences; and there was

nothing now wanting, to form the compleat gentleman, but travelling. The tour of Europe was therefore reſolved upon, and a proper perſon provided to attend him. Lyſander and his tutor accordingly ſet out. I paſs over in ſilence the ſad parting of the good old Gentleman and his beloved ſon. The ſcene may be conceived, but cannot be expreſſed. Hortenſius however had this conſolation, that Lyſander was likely to reap every advantage from ſuch a temporary ſeparation. Our travellers directed their courſe to France; and croſſed the ſea at Dover, with an intention to pay their firſt viſit to Paris. Here Lyſander had difficulties to ſurmount, of which he was little appriſed: He had been bred up in ſhades and ſolitude, and had no idea of the active ſcenes of life. It is eaſy to imagine therefore his ſurpriſe at being tranſported, as it were, into a new world. He was delighted with the elegance of the city, and the crowds of company that reſorted to the public walks. He launched into pleaſures; and was enabled to commit a thouſand extravagances by the ample ſupplies of money which

which a fond father allowed him. In vain his tutor repreſented to him the imprudence of his conduct: captivated with the novelty of every thing around him, he was deaf to all his remonſtrances. He engaged in an intrigue with a woman of the moſt infamous character; who in a ſhort time reduced him to the neceſſity of making freſh demands upon his father. The indulgent Hortenſius, with a few reprimands for his profuſion, and admonitions to œconomy, remitted him conſiderable ſums. But theſe were not ſufficient to ſatisfy an avaricious miſtreſs; and aſhamed to expoſe himſelf a ſecond time to his father, he had recourſe to fortune. He daily frequented the gaming tables; and elated with a trifling ſucceſs at the beginning, gave up every other pleaſure for that of rattling the dice. Sharpers were now his only companions, and his youth and inexperience made him an eaſy prey to their artifice and deſigns. His father heard of his conduct with inexpreſſible ſorrow. He inſtantly recalled him home; but alas! the return to his native country did not reſtore him to his

natural diſpoſitions. The love of learning, generoſity, humanity, and every noble principle were ſuppreſſed; and in their place the moſt deteſtable avarice had taken root. The reproofs of a father, ſo affectionate as Hortenſius, were too gentle to reclaim one confirmed in vicious habits. He ſtill purſued the ſame unhappy courſe, and at length, by his diſſolute behaviour, put an end to the life of the tendereſt of parents. The death of Hortenſius had at firſt a happy effect upon the mind of Lyſander; and by recalling him to a ſenſe of reflection, gave ſome room to hope for reformation. To confirm the good reſolutions he had formed, his friends urged him to marry. The propoſal not being diſagreeable to him, he paid his addreſſes to Aſpaſia, a lady poſſeſſed of beauty, virtue, and the ſweeteſt diſpoſitions. So many charms could not but impreſs a heart, which filial grief had already in ſome meaſure ſoftened. He loved and married her; and by her prudent conduct, was prevailed upon to give up all the former aſſociates of his favourite vice. Two years paſſed in this happy manner, during

during which time Aſpaſia bleſſed him with a ſon. The little darling had united in him all *the father's luſtre and the mother's grace.* Lyſander often viewed him with ſtreaming eyes of tenderneſs, and he would ſometimes cry out, "Only, my ſon, avoid thy "father's ſteps, and every felicity will "attend thee." About this time it happened that ſome buſineſs of importance required his preſence in London. There he unfortunately met with the baſe wretches who had been his old acquaintance: And his too eaſy temper complying with their ſolicitations, again he plunged into the abyſs of vice and folly. Aſpaſia, wondering at the long abſence of her huſband, began to entertain the moſt uneaſy apprehenſions for him. She wrote him a tender and endearing letter; but no anſwer was returned. Full of terror and anxiety, ſhe went in perſon to enquire after her Lyſander. Long was it before ſhe heard the leaſt tidings of him. At length, by accident, finding his lodgings, ſhe flew to his chamber, with the moſt impatient joy, to embrace a long loſt huſband. But ah! who can paint

the agony ſhe felt at the ſight of Lyſander weltering in his gore, with a piſtol clenched in his hand! That very morning he had put an end to his wretched being. A paper was found upon the table, of his own hand writing, which imported that he had entirely ruined himſelf and a moſt amiable wife and child, and that life was inſupportable to him.

THE STORY OF MARIA.

FIRST PART.

—THEY were the ſweeteſt notes I ever heard; and I inſtantly let down the foreglaſs to hear them more diſtinctly——'Tis Maria; ſaid the poſtillion, obſerving I was liſtening—Poor Maria, continued he, (leaning his body on one ſide to let me ſee her, for he was in a line betwixt us) is ſitting upon a bank playing her veſpers upon her pipe, with her little goat beſide her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look ſo perfectly in tune

tune to a feeling heart, that I inſtantly made a vow, I would give him a four and twenty ſous piece, when I got to Moulines——

—And who is poor Maria? ſaid I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us; ſaid the poſtillion——it is but three years ago, that the ſun did not ſhine upon ſo fair, ſo quick-witted and amiable a maid; and better fate did Maria deſerve, than to have her bans forbid, by the intrigues of the curate of the pariſh who publiſhed them——

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a ſhort pauſe, put the pipe to her mouth and began the air again ——they were the ſame notes——yet were ten times ſweeter. It is the evening ſervice to the Virgin, ſaid the young man——but who has taught her to play it——or how ſhe came by her pipe, no one knows: we think that Heaven has aſſiſted her in both; for ever ſince ſhe has been unſettled in her mind, it ſeems her only conſolation——ſhe has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that ſervice upon it almoſt night and day.

The

The poſtillion delivered this with ſo much diſcretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering ſomething in his face above his condition, and ſhould have ſifted out his hiſtory, had not poor Maria's taken ſuch full poſſeſſion of me.

We had got up by this time almoſt to the bank where Maria was ſitting. She was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two treſſes, drawn up into a ſilk net, with a few olive leaves twiſted a little fantaſtically on one ſide ——ſhe was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honeſt heart-ach, it was the moment I ſaw her—

—God help her! poor damſel! above a hundred maſſes, ſaid the poſtillion, have been ſaid, in the ſeveral pariſh churches and convents around, for her ——but without effect; we have ſtill hopes, as ſhe is ſenſible for ſhort intervals, that the Virgin at laſt will reſtore her to herſelf; but her parents, who know her beſt, are hopeleſs upon that ſcore, and think her ſenſes are loſt for ever.

As the poſtillion ſpoke this, Maria made a cadence ſo melancholy, ſo tender

tender and querulous, that I ſprung out of the chaiſe to help her, and found myſelf ſitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapſed from my enthuſiaſm.

Maria looked wiſhfully for ſome time at me, and then at her goat—— and then at me——and then at her goat again; and ſo on, alternately——

—Well, Maria, ſaid I ſoftly—What reſemblance do you find?

I do intreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humbleſt conviction of what a beaſt man is, that I aſked the queſtion; and that I would not have let fallen an unſeaſonable pleaſantry in the venerable preſence of Miſery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais ſcattered.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor hapleſs damſel!——ſome time, but not now, I may hear thy ſorrows from thy own lips—but I was deceived; for that moment ſhe took her pipe and told me ſuch a tale of woe with it, that I roſe up, and with broken and irregular ſteps walked ſoftly to my chaiſe.

SECOND

SECOND PART.

WHEN we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I diſcovered poor Maria ſitting under a poplar——ſhe was ſitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one ſide within her hand—a ſmall brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bade the poſtillion go on with the chaiſe to Moulines—and La Fleur to beſpeak my ſupper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dreſſed in white, and much as my friend deſcribed her, except that her hair hung looſe, which before was twiſted within a ſilk net. She had, ſuperadded likewiſe to her jacket, a pale green ribband which fell acroſs her ſhoulder to the waiſt; at the end of which hung her pipe. Her goat had been as faithleſs as her lover; and ſhe had got a little dog in lieu of him, which ſhe had kept tied by a ſtring to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, ſhe drew him towards her with the ſtring

—" Thou

—"Thou ſhalt not leave me, Sylvio," ſaid ſhe. I looked in Maria's eyes, and ſaw ſhe was thinking more of her father, than of her lover or her little goat; for as ſhe uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I ſat down cloſe by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief. I then ſteeped it in my own—and then in hers—and then in mine—and then I wiped hers again ——and as I did it, I felt ſuch undeſcribable emotions within me, as I am ſure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am poſitive I have a ſoul; nor can all the books with which materialiſts have peſtered the world ever convince me of the contrary.

When Maria had come a little to herſelf, I aſked her if ſhe remembered a pale thin perſon of a man, who had ſat down betwixt her and her goat, about two years before? She ſaid, ſhe was unſettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—— that ill as ſhe was, ſhe ſaw the perſon pitied her; and next, that her goat had ſtolen

ſtolen his handkerchief, and ſhe had beat him for the theft—ſhe had waſhed it, ſhe ſaid, in the brook, and kept it ever ſince in her pocket, to reſtore it to him in caſe ſhe ſhould ever ſee him again; which, ſhe added, he had half promiſed her. As ſhe told me this, ſhe took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me ſee it: ſhe had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril—on opening it, I ſaw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had ſince that, ſhe told me, ſtrayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back—that ſhe found her way alone acroſs the Appenines—had travelled over all Lombardy without money—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without ſhoes: how ſhe had born it, and how ſhe had got ſupported, ſhe could not tell——but God tempers the wind, ſaid Maria, to the ſhorn lamb.

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, ſaid I; and waſt thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and ſhelter thee; thou ſhouldſt eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup——I would be kind to thy

Sylvio—

Sylvio—in all thy weakneſſes and wanderings I would ſeek after thee, and bring thee back—when the ſun went down I would ſay my prayers, and when I had done, thou ſhould'ſt play thy evening ſong upon thy pipe; nor would the incenſe of my ſacrifice be worſe accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and Maria obſerving, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was ſteeped too much already to be of uſe, would needs go waſh it in the ſtream.—And where will you dry it, Maria? ſaid I—I will dry it in my boſom, ſaid ſhe—it will do me good.—And is your heart ſtill ſo warm, Maria? ſaid I.

I touched upon the ſtring on which hung all her ſorrows—ſhe looked with wiſtful diſorder for ſome time in my face; and then, without ſaying any thing, took her pipe, and played her ſervice to the Virgin.—The ſtring I had touched ceaſed to vibrate—in a moment or two Maria returned to herſelf—let her pipe fall—and roſe up.

And where are you going, Maria? ſaid I.—She ſaid, to Moulines.—Let

us go, ſaid I, together.——Maria put her arm within mine, and lenthening the ſtring, to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines.

Though I hate ſalutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I ſtopped to take my laſt look and laſt farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheleſs of the firſt order of fine forms—affliction had touched her looks with ſomething that was ſcarce earthly--ſtill ſhe was feminine;—and ſo much was there about her of all that the heart wiſhes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and thoſe of Eliza's out of mine, ſhe ſhould not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup, but Maria ſhould lie in my boſom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckleſs maiden!—imbibe the oil and wine which the compaſſion of a ſtranger, as he journieth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the Being who has twice bruiſed thee can only bind them up for ever.

THE STORY OF LE FEVER.

IT was ſome time in the ſummer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies,—which was about ſeven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many, after the time, that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's houſe in town, in order to lay ſome of the fineſt ſieges to ſome of the fineſt fortified cities in Europe—When my uncle Toby was one evening getting his ſupper, with Trim ſitting behind him at a ſmall ſideboard;—The landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glaſs or two of ſack; 'Tis for a poor gentleman,—I think, of the army, ſaid the landlord, who has been taken ill at my houſe four days ago, and has never held up his head ſince, or had a deſire to taſte any thing, till juſt now, that he has a fancy for a glaſs of ſack and a thin toaſt,—*I think*, ſays he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*—

—If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy ſuch a thing, added the landlord,—I would almoſt ſteal it for the poor gentleman, he is ſo ill.—I hope in God he will ſtill mend, continued he,—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured ſoul, I will anſwer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou ſhalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glaſs of ſack thyſelf,—and take a couple of bottles, with my ſervice, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

Though I am perſuaded, ſaid my uncle Toby, as the landlord ſhut the door, he is a very compaſſionate fellow—Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining an high opinion of his gueſt too; there muſt be ſomething more than common in him, that in ſo ſhort a time ſhould win ſo much upon the affections of his hoſt;——And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.—Step after him, ſaid my uncle Toby,—do Trim,—and aſk if he knows his name.

——I have quite forgot it, truly, ſaid the landlord, coming back into the parlour

parlour with the corporal,—but I can aſk his ſon again:——Has he a ſon with him then? ſaid my uncle Toby.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has taſted almoſt as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day;—he has not ſtirred from the bed-ſide theſe two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thruſt his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without ſaying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

—Stay in the room a little, ſays my uncle Toby.—

Trim!—ſaid my uncle Toby, after he lighted his pipe, and ſmoked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his maſter and made his bow;—my uncle Toby ſmoked on, and ſaid no more.—Corporal! ſaid my uncle Toby—the corporal made his bow.——My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finiſhed his pipe.

Trim! ſaid my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myſelf up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a viſit to this poor gentleman.——Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, ſince the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas:——and beſides it is ſo cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear ſo, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at reſt in my mind, Trim, ſince the account the landlord has given me.——I wiſh I had not known ſo much of this affair,—added my uncle Toby,—or that I had known more of it:——How ſhall we manage it? Leave it, an't pleaſe your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;——I'll take my hat and ſtick, and go to the houſe and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.——Thou ſhalt go, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby,

Toby, and here's a ſhilling for thee to drink with his ſervant.—— I ſhall get it all out of him, ſaid the corporal, ſhutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his ſecond pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with conſidering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaile a ſtraight line, as a crooked one,—he might be ſaid to have thought of nothing elſe but poor Le Fever and his boy the whole time he ſmoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the aſhes out of his third pipe, that the corporal returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I deſpaired at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor ſick lieutenant—Is he in the army then? ſaid my uncle Toby—He is; ſaid the corporal—And in what regiment? ſaid my uncle Toby—I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing ſtraight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then Trim, I'll fill another pipe, ſaid my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou haſt done; ſo ſit down

down at thy eaſe, Trim, in the window ſeat, and begin thy ſtory again. The corporal, made his old bow, which generally ſpoke as plain as a bow could ſpeak it—"Your honour is good:"—— And having done that, he ſat down, as he was ordered,—and begun the ſtory to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the ſame words.

I deſpaired at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his ſon; for when I aſked where his ſervant was, from whom I made myſelf ſure of knowing every thing which was proper to be aſked, —That's a right diſtinction, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby—I was anſwered, an' pleaſe your honour, that he had no ſervant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horſes, which, upon finding himſelf unable to proceed, (to join, I ſuppoſe, the regiment) he had diſmiſſed the morning after he came.——If I get better, my dear, ſaid he, as he gave his purſe to his ſon to pay the man,—we can hire horſes from hence.——But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, ſaid the

the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long;—and when he dies, the youth, his ſon, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toaſt the landlord ſpoke of;—but I will do it for my father myſelf, ſaid the youth. ——Pray let me ſave you the trouble, young gentleman, ſaid I, taking up a fork for the purpoſe, and offering him my chair to ſit down upon by the fire, whilſt I did it.——I believe, Sir, ſaid he, very modeſtly, I can pleaſe him beſt myſelf.——I am ſure, ſaid I, his honour will not like the toaſt the worſe for being toaſted by an old ſoldier.—— The youth took hold of my hand, and inſtantly burſt into tears.—Poor youth! ſaid my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a ſoldier, Trim, ſounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wiſh I had him here.

——I never in the longeſt march, ſaid the corporal, had ſo great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company;—

company;—What could be the matter with me, an' pleaſe your honour?—Nothing in the world, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, blowing his noſe,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toaſt, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was captain Shandy's ſervant, and that your honour (though a ſtranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your houſe or cellar—(and thou might'ſt have added my purſe too, ſaid my uncle Toby)—he was heartily welcome to it:—He made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour) but no anſwer,—for his heart was full—ſo he went up ſtairs with the toaſt;—I warrant you, my dear, ſaid I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was ſmoking a pipe by the kitchen fire,—but ſaid not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.—I thought it was wrong, added the corporal—I think ſo too, ſaid my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glaſs of ſack and toaſt, he felt himſelf a little revived, and ſent down into the kitchen,

kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he ſhould be glad if I would ſtep up ſtairs.—I believe, ſaid the landlord, he is going to ſay his prayers,—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-ſide, and as I ſhut the door, I ſaw his ſon take up a cuſhion.—

I thought, ſaid the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never ſaid your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman ſay his prayers laſt night, ſaid the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you ſure of it? replied the curate:——A ſoldier, an' pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parſon;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the moſt reaſon to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well ſaid of thee, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.—But when a ſoldier, ſaid I, an' pleaſe your reverence, has been ſtanding for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged for months together in long and dangerous marches;—harraſſed, perhaps, in his rear to day;—

harraſſing

harraſſing others to-morrow;—detached here;—countermanded there;—reſting this night out upon his arms;—beat up in his ſhirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without ſtraw in his tent to kneel on;——he muſt ſay his prayers how and when he can.—I believe ſaid I,—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an' pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, that when a ſoldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parſon—though not with all his ſuſs and hypocriſy.——Thou ſhould'ſt not have ſaid that, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, ——for God only knows who is an hypocrite, and who is not:——At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then)—it will be ſeen who has done their duties in this world,—and who has not; and we ſhall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we ſhall, ſaid Trim, ——It is in the Scripture, ſaid my uncle Toby; and I will ſhew it thee to-morrow:——In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, ſaid my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is ſo good and juſt a governor

of

of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be enquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one:—I hope not, ſaid the corporal.——But go on, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, with thy ſtory.

THE STORY OF LE FEVER CONTINUED.

WHEN I went up, ſaid the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed with his head raiſed upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beſide it:—The youth was juſt ſtooping down to take up the cuſhion, upon which I ſuppoſed he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed,—and as he roſe, in taking up the cuſhion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the ſame time.—Let it remain there, my dear, ſaid the lieutenant.

He did not offer to ſpeak to me, till I had walked up cloſe to his bed-ſide:—If you are Captain Shandy's ſervant, ſaid he, you muſt preſent my thanks to your maſter, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courteſy to me;—if he was of Leven's—ſaid the lieutenant.—I told him your honour was.—Then, ſaid he, I ſerved three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him—but 'tis moſt likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.——You will tell him, however, that the perſon his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fever, a lieutenant in Angus's—but he knows me not,—ſaid he, a ſecond time, muſing;—poſſibly he may my ſtory—added he—pray tell the captain, I was the enſign at Breda, whoſe wife was moſt unfortunately killed with a muſket ſhot, as ſhe lay in my arms in my tent.——I remember the ſtory, an't pleaſe your honour, ſaid I, very well.—Do you ſo? ſaid he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In ſaying this, he drew a little ring out of his boſom, which ſeemed tied with a black

a black ribband about his neck, and kiſſed it twice.—Here, Billy, ſaid he,—the boy flew acroſs the room to the bed-ſide,—and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kiſſed it too,—then kiſſed his father, and ſat down upon the bed and wept.

I wiſh, ſaid my uncle Toby, with a deep ſigh,—I wiſh, Trim, I was aſleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned;—ſhall I pour your honour out a glaſs of ſack to your pipe?—Do, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.

I remember, ſaid my uncle Toby, ſighing again, the ſtory of the enſign and his wife, with a circumſtance his modeſty omitted;——and particularly well that he, as well as ſhe, upon ſome account or other, (I forget what) was univerſally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finiſh the ſtory thou art upon:—'Tis finiſhed already, ſaid the corporal,—for I could ſtay no longer,—ſo wiſhed his honour a good night; young Le Fever roſe from off the bed, and ſaw me to the bottom of the ſtairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment

Flanders——But, alas! ſaid the corporal,—the lieutenant's laſt day's march is over.——Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,—though I tell it only for the ſake of thoſe, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a poſitive law, know not for their ſouls, which way in the world to turn themſelves—That notwithſtanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the ſiege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who preſſed theirs on ſo vigorouſly, that they ſcarce allowed him time to get his dinner—that nevertheleſs he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterſcarp; and bent his whole thoughts towards the private diſtreſſes at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be ſaid to have turned the ſiege of Dendermond into a blockade,—he left Dendermond to itſelf,—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only conſidered how he himſelf ſhould relieve the poor lieutenant and his ſon. —That

—That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendleſs, ſhall recompenſe thee for this.

Thou haſt left this matter ſhort, ſaid my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what, Trim.——In the firſt place, when thou madeſt an offer of my ſervices to Le Fever,—as ſickneſs and travelling are both expenſive, and thou knoweſt he was but a poor lieutenant, with a ſon to ſubſiſt as well as himſelf, out of his pay,—that thou didſt not make an offer to him of my purſe; becauſe had he ſtood in need, thou knoweſt, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myſelf——Your honour knows, ſaid the corporal, I had no orders;——True, quoth my uncle Toby, ——thou didſt very right, Trim, as a ſoldier,——but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the ſecond place, for which, indeed, thou haſt the ſame excuſe, continued my uncle Toby,——when thou offered'ſt him whatever was in my houſe,—thou ſhould'ſt have offered him my houſe too:—A ſick brother officer ſhould have the beſt quarters, Trim,

and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him:——Thou art an excellent nurſe thyſelf, Trim,—and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and ſet him upon his legs.—

—In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, ſmiling,—he might march.—He will never march, an' pleaſe your honour, in this world, ſaid the corporal:—He will march, ſaid my uncle Toby, riſing up from the ſide of the bed, with one ſhoe off:—An' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal, he will never march but to his grave:—He ſhall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a ſhoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he ſhall march to his regiment.——He cannot ſtand it, ſaid the corporal.—He ſhall be ſupported, ſaid my uncle Toby:—He'll drop at laſt, ſaid the corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He ſhall not drop, ſaid my uncle Toby, firmly.—A-well-o'day,—do what we can for him, ſaid Trim, maintaining his point,—the poor ſoul will die:—He ſhall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.

——The

——The ACCUSING SPIRIT which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, bluſh'd as he gave it in—— and the RECORDING ANGEL as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

——My uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purſe into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a phyſician,——he went to bed and ſell aſleep.

The ſun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fever's and his afflicted ſon's; the hand of death preſſed heavy upon his eye-lids,—and hardly could the wheel at the ciſtern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had roſe up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, ſat himſelf down upon the chair, by the bed-ſide, and independently of all modes and cuſtoms opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and aſked him how he did, —how he had reſted in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain, —and

—and what he could do to help him:—and without giving him time to anſwer any one of the enquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.—

——You ſhall go home directly, Le Fever, ſaid my uncle Toby, to my houſe,—and we'll ſend for a doctor to ſee what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal ſhall be your nurſe;—and I'll be your ſervant, Le Fever.

There was a frankneſs in my uncle Toby, not the effect of familiarity,—but the cauſe of it,—which let you at once into his ſoul, and ſhewed you the goodneſs of his nature; to this, there was ſomething in his looks, and voice, and manner, ſuperadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take ſhelter under him; ſo that before my uncle Toby had half finiſhed the kind offers he was making to the father, had the ſon inſenſibly preſſed up cloſe to his knees, and had taken hold of the breaſt of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and ſpirits of Le Fever, which were

were waxing cold and ſlow within him, and were retreating to their laſt citadel, the heart,—rallied back, the film forſook his eyes for a moment—he looked up wiſhfully in my uncle Toby's face,—then caſt a look upon his boy,—and that ligament, fine as it was,——was never broken.———

Nature inſtantly ebb'd again——the film returned to its place,——the pulſe fluttered——ſtopp'd——went on——— throbb'd——ſtopp'd again———moved ——ſtopp'd——ſhall I go on?——No.

YORICK's DEATH.

A FEW hours before Yorick breathed his laſt, Eugenius ſtept in with an intent to take his laſt ſight and laſt farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and aſking how he felt himſelf, Yorick looking up in his face, took hold of his hand,——and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendſhip to him, for which, he ſaid, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again;

again; he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the ſlip for ever.—I hope not, anſwered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tendereſt tone that ever man ſpoke.—I hope not, Yorick, ſaid he.—Yorick replied, with a look up, and gentle ſqueeze of Eugenius's hand,—and that was all,—but it cut Eugenius to his heart.—Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and ſummoning up the man within him,—my dear lad, be comforted,—let not all thy ſpirits and fortitude forſake thee at this criſis when thou moſt wanteſt them;—who knows what reſources are in ſtore, and what the power of GOD may yet do for thee?—Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently ſhook his head; for my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I declare I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, that there is ſtill enough of thee left to make a biſhop,—and that I may live to ſee it.—I beſeech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well

as

as he could with his left hand,—his right being ſtill graſped cloſe in that of Eugenius,—I beſeech thee to take a view of my head.—I ſee nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, ſaid Yorick, let me tell you, that it is ſo bruiſed and misſhapen with the blows which have been ſo unhandſomely given me in the dark, that I might ſay with Sancho Panca, that ſhould I recover, and "mitres there-"upon be ſuffered to rain down from "heaven as thick as hail, not one of "them would fit it."——Yorick's laſt breath was hanging upon his trembling lips ready to depart as he uttered this;—yet ſtill it was uttered with ſomething of a Cervantic tone:—and as he ſpoke it, Eugenius could perceive a ſtream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes;——faint picture of thoſe flaſhes of his ſpirit, which (as Shakeſpear ſaid of his anceſtor) were wont to ſet the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke; he ſqueezed his hand,—and then walked ſoftly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with

with his eyes to the door,—he then cloſed them,—and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, under a plain marble ſlab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than theſe three words of inſcription, ſerving both for his epitaph, and elegy——

ALAS, POOR YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghoſt the conſolation to hear his monumental inſcription read over with ſuch a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and eſteem for him;—a footway croſſing the church-yard cloſe by his grave,—not a paſſenger goes by without ſtopping to caſt a look upon it,—and ſighing as he walks on,

ALAS, POOR YORICK!

A VIEW

A VIEW OF BEDLAM.

—THEIR conductor led them firſt to the diſmal manſions of thoſe who are in the moſt horrid ſtate of incurable madneſs. The clanking of chains, the wildneſs of their cries, and the imprecations which ſome of them uttered, formed a ſcene inexpreſſibly ſhocking. Harley and his companions, eſpecially the female part of them, begged their guide to return: he ſeemed ſurpriſed at their uneaſineſs, and was with difficulty prevailed on to leave that part of the houſe without ſhewing them ſome others; who, as he expreſſed it in the phraſe of thoſe that keep wild beaſts for ſhew, were much better worth ſeeing than any they had paſſed, being ten times more fierce and unmanageable.

He led them next to that quarter where thoſe reſide, who, as they are not dangerous to themſelves or others, enjoy a certain degree of freedom, according to the ſtate of their diſtemper.

Harley had fallen behind his companions, looking at a man, who was

making pendulums with bits of thread, and little balls of clay. He had delineated a ſegment of a circle on the wall with chalk, and marked their different vibrations, by interſecting it with croſs lines. A decent-looking man came up, and ſmiling at the maniac, turned to Harley, and told him, that gentleman had once been a very celebrated mathematician. "He fell a ſacrifice, ſaid he, to the theory of comets; for, having, with infinite labour, formed a table on the conjectures of Sir Iſaac Newton, he was diſappointed in the return of one of thoſe luminaries, and was very ſoon after obliged to be placed here by his friends. If you pleaſe to follow me, Sir, continued the ſtranger, I believe I ſhall be able to give you a more ſatisfactory account of the unfortunate people you ſee here, than the man who attends your companions." Harley bowed, and accepted his offer.

The next perſon they came up to had ſcrawled a variety of figures on a piece of ſlate. Harley had the curioſity to take a nearer view of them. They conſiſted of different columns, on the top of which were marked South-

ſea

ſea annuities, India-ſtock, and Three *per cent.* annuities conſol. "This, ſaid Harley's inſtructor, was a gentleman well known in Change-alley. He was once worth fifty thouſand pounds, and had actually agreed for the purchaſe of an eſtate in the weſt, in order to realize his money; but he quarrelled with the proprietor about the repairs of the garden-wall, and ſo returned to town to follow his old trade of ſtock-jobbing a little longer; when an unlucky fluctuation of ſtock, in which he was engaged to an immenſe extent, reduced him at once to poverty and to madneſs. Poor wretch! he told me t'other day, that againſt the next payment of differences, he ſhould be ſome hundreds above a plum."—

"But deluſive ideas, Sir, are the motives of the greateſt part of mankind, and a heated imagination the power by which their actions are incited: the world, in the eye of a philoſopher, may be ſaid to be a large madhouſe." "It is true, anſwered Harley, the paſſions of men are temporary madneſſes; and ſometimes very fatal in their effects,

From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

"It was indeed, ſaid the ſtranger, a very mad thing in Charles, to think of adding ſo vaſt a country as Ruſſia to his dominions; that would have been fatal indeed; the balance of the North would then have been loſt; but the Sultan and I would never have allowed it."—"Sir! ſaid Harley, with no ſmall ſurpriſe on his countenance." "Why, yes, anſwered the other, the Sultan and I; do you know me? I am the Chan of Tartary."

Harley was a good deal ſtruck by this diſcovery; he had prudence enough, however, to conceal his amazement, and bowing as low to the monarch, as his dignity required, left him immediately and joined his companions.

He found them in a quarter of the houſe ſet apart for the inſane of the other ſex, ſeveral of whom had gathered about the female viſitors, and were examining, with rather more accuracy than might have been expected, the particulars of their dreſs.

Separate

Separate from the reſt ſtood one whoſe appearance had ſomething of ſuperior dignity. Her face, though pale and waſted, was leſs ſqualid than thoſe of the others, and ſhewed a dejection of that decent kind, which moves our pity unmixed with horror: upon her, therefore, the eyes of all were immediately turned. The keeper, who accompanied them, obſerved it: "This, ſaid he, is a young lady, who was born to ride in her coach and ſix. She was beloved, if the ſtory I have heard is true, by a young gentleman, her equal in birth, though by no means her match in fortune: but love, they ſay, is blind, and ſo ſhe fancied him as much as he did her. Her father, it ſeems, would not hear of their marriage, and threatened to turn her out of doors, if ever ſhe ſaw him again. Upon this the young gentleman took a voyage to the Weſt Indies, in hopes of bettering his fortune, and obtaining his miſtreſs; but he was ſcarce landed, when he was ſeized with one of the fevers which are common in thoſe iſlands, and died in a few days, lamented by every one that knew him.

The news ſoon reached his miſtreſs, who was at the ſame time preſſed by her father to marry a rich miſerly fellow, who was old enough to be her grandfather. The death of her lover had no effect on her inhuman parent; he was only the more earneſt for her marriage with the man he had provided for her; and what between her deſpair at the death of the one, and her averſion to the other, the poor young lady was reduced to the condition you ſee her in. But God would not proſper ſuch cruelty; her father's affairs ſoon after went to wreck, and he died almoſt a beggar."

Though this ſtory was told in very plain language, it had particularly attracted Harley's notice: he had given it the tribute of ſome tears. The unfortunate young lady had till now ſeemed entranced in thought, with her eyes fixed on a little garnet ring ſhe wore on her finger; ſhe turned them now upon Harley. "My Billy, is no more! ſaid ſhe, do you weep for my Billy? Bleſſings on your tears! I would weep too, but my brain is dry; and it burns, it burns, it burns!" She drew nearer

nearer to Harley.—"Be comforted, young lady, ſaid he, your Billy is in heaven." "Is he, indeed? and ſhall we meet again? and ſhall that frightful man (pointing to the keeper) not be there?—Alas! I am grown naughty of late; I have almoſt forgotten to think of heaven: yet I pray ſometimes; when I can I pray: and ſometimes I ſing; when I am ſaddeſt, I ſing:—You ſhall hear me, huſh!

"Light be the earth on Billy's breaſt,
"And green the ſod that wraps his
"grave!"

There was a plaintive wildneſs in the air not to be withſtood: and, except the keeper's, there was not an unmoiſtened eye around her.

"Do you weep again? ſaid ſhe; I would not have you weep, you are like my Billy; you are, believe me; juſt ſo he looked when he gave me this ring; poor Billy! 'twas the laſt time we ever met!—

"'Twas when the ſeas were roaring—I love you for reſembling my Billy; but I ſhall never love any man like him."

—She

—She ſtretched out her hand to Harley; he preſſed it between both of his, and bathed it with his tears.—"Nay, that is Billy's ring, ſaid ſhe, you cannot have it, indeed; but here is another, look here, which I plaited to day of ſome gold-thread from this bit of ſtuff; will you keep it for my ſake? I am a ſtrange girl;—but my heart is harmleſs: my poor heart! it will burſt ſome day; feel how it beats."——She preſs'd his hand to her boſom, then holding her head in the attitude of liſtening——"Hark! one, two, three! be quiet thou little trembler; my Billy's is cold!—but I had forgotten the ring."—She put it on his finger.—"Farewell! I muſt leave you now."—She would have withdrawn her hand; Harley held it to his lips.—"I dare not ſtay longer; my heart throbs ſadly; farewell!"——She walked with a hurried ſtep to a little apartment at ſome diſtance. Harley ſtood fixed in aſtoniſhment and pity! his friend gave money to the keeper.—Harley looked on his ring.—He put a couple of guineas into the man's hand:—"Be kind to that unfortunate."——He burſt into tears, and left them.

ON SELF-CONCEIT, PRESUMPTION, AND OBSTINACY.

OF all the follies incident to youth, there are none which either deform its preſent appearance, or blaſt the proſpect of its future proſperity, more than ſelf-conceit, preſumption, and obſtinacy. By checking its natural progreſs in improvement, they fix it in long immaturity; and frequently produce miſchiefs, which can never be repaired. Yet theſe are vices too commonly found among the young. Big with enterpriſe, and elated by hope, they reſolve to truſt for ſucceſs to none but themſelves. Full of their own abilities, they deride the admonitions which are given them by their friends, as the timorous ſuggeſtions of age. Too wiſe to learn, too impatient to deliberate, too forward to be reſtrained, they plunge, with precipitant indiſcretion, into the midſt of all the dangers with which life abounds. *Seeſt thou a* young *man wiſe in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool, than of him.*——Poſitive as you now are in your opinions,

opinions, and confident in your aſſertions, be aſſured, that the time approaches when both men and things will appear to you in a different light. Many characters which you now admire, will, by and by, ſink in your eſteem; and many opinions, of which you are at preſent moſt tenacious, will alter as you advance in years. Diſtruſt, therefore, that glare of youthful preſumption, which dazzles your eyes. Abound not in your own ſenſe. Put not yourſelves forward with too much eagerneſs; nor imagine, that by the impetuoſity of juvenile ardour, you can overturn ſyſtems which have been long eſtabliſhed, and change the face of the world. *Learn not to think more highly of yourſelves than you ought to think, but to think ſoberly.* By patient and gradual progreſſion in improvement, you may, in due time, command laſting eſteem. But by aſſuming, at preſent, a tone of ſuperiority, to which you have no title, you will diſguſt thoſe whoſe approbation it is moſt important to gain. Forward vivacity may fit you to be the companions of an idle hour. More ſolid qualities muſt recommend you

you to the wiſe, and mark you out for importance and conſideration in ſubſeqent life.

On SINCERITY and TRUTH.

THE baſis of every virtue is ſincerity and truth. That darkneſs of character, where we can ſee no heart; thoſe foldings of art, through which no native affection is allowed to penetrate, preſent an object, unamiable in every ſeaſon of life, but particularly odious in youth. If, at an age when the heart is warm, when the emotions are ſtrong, and when nature is expected to ſhew itſelf free and open, you can already ſmile and deceive, what are we to look for, when you ſhall be longer hackneyed in the ways of men; when intereſt ſhall have completed the obduration of your heart, and experience ſhall have improved you in all the arts of guile? Diſſimulation in youth, is the fore-runner of perfidy in old age. Its firſt appearance, is the fatal omen of growing depravity, and future ſhame.

It

It degrades parts and learning; obſcures the luſtre of every accompliſhment, and ſinks you into contempt with God and man.

As you value, therefore, the approbation of Heaven, or the eſteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth. In all your proceedings, be direct and conſiſtent. Ingenuity and candour poſſeſs the moſt powerful charm; they beſpeak univerſal favour, and carry an apology for almoſt every failing. *The lip of truth ſhall be eſtabliſhed for ever; but a lying tongue, is but for a moment.* The path of truth, is a plain and a ſafe path; that of falſehood, is a perplexing maze. After the firſt departure from ſincerity, it is not in your power to ſtop. One artifice unavoidably leads on to another; till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increaſes, you are left entangled in your own ſnare. Deceit diſcovers a little mind, which ſtops at temporary expedients, without riſing to comprehenſive views of conduct. It betrays, at the ſame time, a daſtardly ſpirit. It is the reſource of one who wants courage to avow his deſigns, or to reſt upon himſelf.

ſelf. Whereas, openneſs of character diſplays that generous boldneſs, which ought to diſtinguiſh youth. To ſet out in the world with no other principle than a crafty attention to intereſt, betokens one who is deſtined for creeping through the inferiour walks of life. But to give an early preference to honour above gain, when they ſtand in competition; to deſpiſe every advantage, which cannot be attained without diſhoneſt arts; to brook no meanneſs, and to ſtoop to no diſſimulation; are the indications of a great mind, the preſages of future eminence and diſtinction in life.

At the ſame time, this virtuous ſincerity is perfectly conſiſtent with the moſt prudent vigilance and caution. It is oppoſed to cunning, not to true wiſdom. It is not the ſimplicity of a weak and improvident, but the candour of an enlarged and noble mind; of one, who ſcorns deceit, becauſe he accounts it both baſe and unprofitable; and who ſeeks no diſguiſe, becauſe he needs none to hide him.

On BENEVOLENCE and HUMANITY.

YOUTH is the proper ſeaſon of cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happineſs is to depend on the connections which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire, betimes, the temper and the manners which will render ſuch connections comfortable. Let a ſenſe of juſtice be the foundation of all your ſocial qualities. In your moſt early intercourſe with the world, and even in your youthful amuſements, let no unfairneſs be found. Engrave on your mind that ſacred rule, of *doing all things to others, according as you wiſh that they ſhould do unto you.* For this end, impreſs yourſelves with a deep ſenſe of the original, and natural equality of men. Whatever advantages of birth or fortune you poſſeſs, never diſplay them with an oſtentatious ſuperiority. Leave the ſubordinations of rank, to regulate the intercourſe of more advanced years. At preſent, it becomes

becomes you to act among your companions, as man with man. Remember how unknown to you are the viciſſitudes of the world; and how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men once looked down with ſcorn, have riſen to be their ſuperiours in future years.

Compaſſion is an emotion, of which you ought never to be aſhamed. Graceful in youth is the tear of ſympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Let not eaſe and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in ſelfiſh enjoyment. But go ſometimes to the *houſe of mourning*, as well as *to the houſe of feaſting*. Accuſtom yourſelves to think of the diſtreſſes of human life; of the ſolitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Never ſport with pain and diſtreſs, in any of your amuſements; nor treat even the meaneſt inſect with wanton cruelty.

In young minds, there is commonly a ſtrong propenſity to particular intimacies and friendſhips. Youth, indeed, is the ſeaſon when friendſhips are ſometimes formed, which not only continue

through ſucceeding life, but which glow to the laſt, with a tenderneſs unknown to the connections begun in cooler years. The propenſity therefore is not to be diſcouraged; though at the ſame time it muſt be regulated with much circumſpection and care. Too many of the pretended friendſhips of youth, are mere combinations in pleaſure. They are often founded on capricious likings; ſuddenly contracted, and as ſuddenly diſſolved. Sometimes they are the effect of intereſted complaiſance and flattery on the one ſide, and of credulous fondneſs on the other. Beware of ſuch raſh and dangerous connections, which may afterwards load you with diſhonour. Remember, that by the character of thoſe whom you chooſe for your friends, your own is likely to be formed, and will certainly be judged of by the world. Be ſlow, therefore, but cautious in contracting intimacy; but when a virtuous friendſhip is once eſtabliſhed, conſider it as a ſacred engagement. Expoſe not yourſelves to the reproach of lightneſs and inconſtancy, which always beſpeak, either a trifling, or a baſe mind. Reveal none

none of the ſecrets of your friend. Be faithful to his intereſts. Forſake him not in danger. Abhor the thought of acquiring any advantage by his prejudice or hurt.

In order to render yourſelves amiable in ſociety, correct every appearance of harſhneſs in behaviour. Let that courteſy diſtinguiſh your demeanour, which ſprings, not ſo much from ſtudied politeneſs, as from a mild and gentle heart. Follow the cuſtoms of the world in matters indifferent; but ſtop when they become ſinful. Let your manners be ſimple and natural; and of courſe they will be engaging. Affectation is certain deformity. By forming themſelves on fantaſtic models, and vying with one another in every reigning folly, the young begin with being ridiculous, and end in being vicious and immoral.

ON TEMPERANCE IN PLEASURE.

THE love of pleaſure, natural to man in every period of life, glows in his youth, with exceſſive ardour. Novelty adds freſh charms, as yet, to every gratification. The world appears to ſpread a continual feaſt; and health, vigour, and high ſpirits, invite them to partake of it without reſtraint. In vain they are warned of latent dangers. Religion is accuſed of inſufferable ſeverity, in prohibiting enjoyment; and the old, when they offer their admonitions, are upbraided with having forgot that they once were young.—And yet to what do the reſtraints of religion, and the counſels of age, with reſpect to pleaſure, amount? They may all be compriſed in few words, not to hurt yourſelves, and not to hurt others, by your purſuit of pleaſure. Within theſe bounds, pleaſure is lawful; beyond them, it becomes criminal, becauſe it is ruinous. Are theſe reſtraints any other, than what a wiſe man would chooſe

chooſe to impoſe on himſelf? You are not to renounce pleaſure, but to enjoy it in ſafety. Inſtead of abridging it, purſue it on an extenſive plan. Theſe are meaſures for ſecuring its poſſeſſion, and for prolonging its duration.

Conſult your whole nature. Conſider yourſelves not only as ſenſitive, but as rational beings; not only as rational, but ſocial; not only as ſocial, but immortal. Whatever violates your nature in any of theſe reſpects, cannot afford true pleaſure; any more than that which undermines an eſſential part of the vital ſyſtem can promote health. For the truth of this concluſion, we appeal, not merely to the authority of religion, nor to the teſtimony of the aged, but to yourſelves and your own experience. Have you not found that in a courſe of criminal exceſs, your pleaſure was more than compenſated by ſucceeding pain? If not from every particular inſtance, yet from every habit, at leaſt, of unlawful gratification, there did not ſpring ſome thorn to wound you, there did not ariſe ſome conſequence to make you repent of it in the iſſue? *How long then, ye ſimple ones!*

ones! will ye love ſimplicity? How long repeat the ſame round of pernicious folly, and tamely expoſe yourſelves to be caught in the ſame ſnare? If you have any conſideration, or any firmneſs left, avoid temptations, for which you have found yourſelves unequal, with as much care, as you would ſhun peſtilential infection. Break off all connections with the looſe and profligate.

By theſe unhappy exceſſes of irregular pleaſure in youth, how many amiable diſpoſitions are corrupted or deſtroyed! How many riſing capacities and powers are ſuppreſſed! How many flattering hopes of parents and friends are totally extinguiſhed! Who but muſt drop a tear over human nature, when he beholds that morning which aroſe ſo bright, overcaſt with ſuch untimely darkneſs; that good humour which once captivated all hearts, that vivacity which ſparkled in every company, thoſe abilities which were fitted for adorning the higheſt ſtation, all ſacrificed at the ſhrine of low ſenſuality; and one who was formed for running the fair career of life in the midſt of public eſteem, cut off by his vices at the

the beginning of his courſe, or ſunk, for the whole of it, into inſignificancy and contempt!—Theſe, O ſinful Pleaſure! are thy trophies. It is thus that, co-operating with the foe of God and man, thou degradeſt human honour, and blaſteſt the opening proſpects of human felicity.

On DILIGENCE, INDUSTRY, and IDLENESS.

THE material duties of the young are diligence, induſtry, and proper improvement of time. To no purpoſe are they endowed with the beſt abilities, if they want activity for exerting them. Unavailing, in this caſe, will be every direction that can be given them, either for their temporal or ſpiritual welfare. In youth, the habits of induſtry are moſt eaſily acquired. In youth, the incentives to it are ſtrongeſt, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, from all the proſpects which the beginning of life affords. If, dead to theſe calls, you already

already languiſh in ſlothful inaction, what will be able to quicken the more ſluggiſh current of advancing years?

Induſtry is not only the inſtrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleaſure. Nothing is ſo oppoſite to the true enjoyment of life, as the relaxed and feeble ſtate of an indolent mind. He who is a ſtranger to induſtry, may poſſeſs, but he cannot enjoy. For it is labour only which gives the reliſh to pleaſure. It is the appointed vehicle of every good to man. It is the indiſpenſible condition of our poſſeſſing a ſound mind, in a ſound body. Sloth is ſo inconſiſtent with both, that it is hard to determine whether it be a greater foe to virtue, or to health and happineſs. Inactive as it is in itſelf, its effects are fatally powerful. Though it appear a ſlowly flowing ſtream, yet it undermines all that is ſtable and flouriſhing. It not only ſaps the foundation of every virtue, but pours upon you a deluge of crimes and evils. It is like water which firſt putrifies by ſtagnation; and then ſends up noxious vapours, and fills the atmoſphere with death.

Fly,

Fly, therefore, from idleneſs, as the certain parent both of guilt and of ruin. And under idleneſs may be included not mere inaction only, but all that circle of trifling occupations, in which too many ſaunter away their youth; perpetually engaged in frivolous ſociety, or public amuſements, in the labours of dreſs, or the oſtentation of their perſons.——Is this the foundation which you lay for future uſefulneſs and eſteem? By ſuch accompliſhments, do you hope to recommend yourſelves to the thinking part of the world, and to anſwer the expectations of your friends, and your country!———Amuſements, youth requires. It were vain, it were cruel to prohibit them. But though allowable as the relaxation, they are moſt culpable as the buſineſs, of the young. For they then become the gulf of time, and the poiſon of the mind. They foment bad paſſions. They weaken the manly powers. They ſink the native vigour of youth, into contemptible effeminacy.

Redeeming your time from ſuch dangerous waſte, ſeek to fill it with employments

ployments which you may review with ſatisfaction, The acquiſition of knowledge is one of the moſt honourable occupations of youth. The deſire of it diſcovers a liberal mind, and is connected with many accompliſhments, and many virtues. But though your train of life ſhould not lead you to ſtudy, the courſe of education always furniſhes proper employments to a well-diſpoſed mind. Whatever you purſue, be emulous to excel. Generous ambition, and ſenſibility to praiſe, are, eſpecially at your age, among the marks of virtue. Think not, that any affluence of fortune, or any elevation of rank, exempts you from the duties of application and induſtry. Induſtry is the law of our being; it is the demand of Nature, of Reaſon, and of God. Remember always, that the years which now paſs over your heads, leave permanent memorials behind them. From your thoughtleſs minds they may eſcape; but they remain in the remembrance of God. They form an important part of the regiſter of your life. They will hereafter bear teſtimony, either for or againſt you, at that

that day, when, for all your actions, but particularly for the employments of youth, you muſt give an account to God.

Amidſt all your endeavours after improvement, you ought continually to preſerve your attention to a dependence on the bleſſing of Heaven. It is too common with the young, even when they reſolve to tread the path of virtue and honour, to ſet out with preſumptuous confidence in themſelves. Truſting to their own abilities for carrying them ſucceſsfully through life, they are careleſs of applying to God, or of deriving any aſſiſtance from what they are apt to reckon the gloomy diſcipline of religion. Alas! how little do they know the dangers which await them? Neither human wiſdom, nor human virtue, unſupported by religion, are equal for the trying ſituations which often occur in life. By the ſhock of temptation, how frequently have the moſt virtuous intentions been overthrown? Under the preſſure of diſaſter, how often has the greateſt conſtancy ſunk? *Every good, and every perfect gift, is from above.* Wiſdom

and virtue, as well as *riches and honour, come from God.* Deſtitute of his favour, you are in no better ſituation, with all your boaſted abilities, than orphans left to wander in a trackleſs deſert, without any guide to conduct them, or any ſhelter to cover them from the gathering ſtorm. Correct, then, this ill-founded arrogance. Expect not, that your happineſs can be independent of him who made youth. By faith and repentance, apply to the Redeemer of the world. By piety and prayer, ſeek the protection of the God of heaven.

Theſe are ſome of the chief qualifications which belong to that *ſober mind*, that virtuous and religious character recommended to youth; piety, modeſty, truth, benevolence, temperance, and induſtry. Whether your future courſe is deſtined to be long or ſhort, after this manner it ſhould commence; and, if it continue to be thus conducted, its concluſion, at what time ſoever it arrives, will not be inglorious or unhappy,

THE ART OF HAPPINESS.

A GOOD Temper is one of the principal ingredients of Happineſs. This, it will be ſaid, is the work of nature, and muſt be born with us: and ſo in a good meaſure it is, yet oftentimes it may be acquired by art, and always improved by culture. Almoſt every object that attracts our notice, has its bright and its dark ſide: he that habituates himſelf to look at the diſpleaſing ſide, will ſour his diſpoſition, and conſequently impair his happineſs; while he who conſtantly beholds it on the bright ſide, inſenſibly meliorates his temper, and, in conſequence of it, improves his own Happineſs, and the Happineſs of all about him.

Arachne and Meliſſa are two friends: they are both of them women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education, and accompliſhments. They were originally alike in temper too; but, by different management, are grown the reverſe of each other. Arachne has accuſtomed herſelf to look only on the dark ſide of every object. If a new

poem or play makes its appearance with a thouſand brilliances, and but one or two blemiſhes, ſhe ſlightly ſkims over the paſſages that ſhould give her pleaſure, and dwells upon thoſe only that fill her with diſlike. If you ſhew her a very excellent portrait, ſhe looks at ſome part of the drapery which has been neglected, or to a hand or finger which has been left unfiniſhed. Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatneſs and elegance; but if you take a walk with her in it, ſhe talks to you of nothing but of blights and ſtorms, of ſnails and caterpillars, and how impoſſible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves and worm-caſts. If you ſit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful proſpect, ſhe obſerves to you, that there is too much wood, or too little water; that the day is too ſunny, or too gloomy; that it is ſultry or windy; and finiſhes with a long harangue upon the wretchedneſs of our climate. When you return with her to the company, in hopes of a little cheerful converſation, ſhe caſts a gloom over all, by giving you the hiſtory of her own bad health, or

of

of ſome melancholy accident that has befallen one of her daughter's children. Thus ſhe inſenſibly ſinks her own ſpirits, and the ſpirits of all around her, and at laſt diſcovers, ſhe knows not why, that her friends are grave.

Meliſſa is the reverſe of all this. By conſtantly habituating herſelf to look only on the bright ſide of objects, ſhe preſerves a perpetual cheerfulneſs in herſelf, which, by a kind of happy contagion, ſhe communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, ſhe conſiders it might have been worſe, and is thankful to Providence for an eſcape. She rejoices in ſolitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herſelf; and in ſociety, becauſe ſhe can communicate the Happineſs ſhe enjoys. She oppoſes every man's virtues to his failings, and can find out ſomething to cheriſh and applaud in the very worſt of her acquaintance. She opens every book with a deſire to be entertained or inſtructed, and therefore ſeldom miſſes what ſhe looks for. Walk with her, though it be but on a heath, or a common, and ſhe will diſcover numberleſs beauties, unobſerved

before, in the hills, the dales, the broom, brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of ſeaſon, as bringing with it ſomething of health or convenience. In converſation, it is a rule with her never to ſtart a ſubject that leads to any thing gloomy or diſagreeable; you therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or thoſe of her neighbours, or (what is worſt of all) their faults and imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, ſhe has the addreſs to turn it into entertainment, by changing the moſt odious railing into a pleaſant raillery. Thus Meliſſa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the ſpider, ſucks poiſon from the faireſt flowers. The conſequence is, that of two tempers, once very nearly allied, the one is for ever ſour and diſſatisfied, the others always gay and cheerful; the one ſpreads an univerſal gloom; the other a continual ſunſhine.

There is nothing more worthy of our attention than this art of Happineſs. In converſation, as well as life, Happi-

neſs

neſs very often depends upon the ſlighteſt incidents. The taking notice of the badneſs of the weather, a north-eaſt wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumſtance of the diſagreeable kind, ſhall inſenſibly rob a whole company of its good humour, and fling every member of it into the vapours. If, therefore, we would be happy in ourſelves, and are deſirous of communicating that Happineſs to all about us, theſe *minutiæ* of converſation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightneſs of the ſky, the lengthening of the days, the increaſing verdure of the ſpring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the moſt diſtant glimpſe of joy, ſhall frequently be the parent of a ſocial and happy converſation. Good manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the ſunſhine that ripens his harveſt, becauſe his turnips are burnt by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleaſure from the thunder-ſtorm to which he is expoſed, by remarking on the plenty and refreſhment which may be expected from ſuch a ſhower.

Thus

Thus does good manners, as well as good ſenſe, direct us to look at every object on the bright ſide; and by thus acting, we cheriſh and improve both the one and the other. By this practice it is that Meliſſa is become the wiſeſt and the beſt bred woman living; and by this practice may every man and woman arrive at that eaſy benevolence of temper, which the world calls good-nature, and the Scripture charity, whoſe natural and never-failing fruit is Happineſs.

VIRTUE MAN's TRUE INTEREST.

I FIND myſelf exiſting upon a little ſpot, ſurrounded every way by an immenſe unknown expanſion.—Where am I? What ſort of place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accomodated, in every inſtance, to my convenience? Is there no exceſs of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own kind, or a different? Is every thing ſubſervient to me,

me, as though I had ordered all myſelf?——No——nothing like it—the fartheſt from it poſſible.——The world appears not, then, originally made for the private convenience of me alone?——It does not.——But is it not poſſible ſo to accomodate it, by my own particular induſtry? If to accomodate man and beaſt, heaven and earth, if this be beyond me, 'tis not poſſible—What conſequence then ſollows? or can there be any other than this—If I ſeek an intereſt of my own detached from that of others, I ſeek an intereſt which is chimerical, and can never have exiſtence.

How then muſt I determine? Have I no intereſt at all?—If I have not, I am a fool for ſtaying here. 'Tis a ſmoky houſe; and the ſooner out of it, the better.——But why no intereſt?—Can I be contented with none, but one ſeparate and detached? Is a ſocial intereſt, joined with others, ſuch an abſurdity, as not to be admitted?—The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are enow to convince me, that the thing is ſomewhere at leaſt poſſible. How, then, am I aſſured that

'tis

'tis not equally true of man?—Admit it; and what follows? If ſo, then honour and juſtice are my intereſt; then the whole train of moral virtues are my intereſt; without ſome portion of which, not even thieves can maintain ſociety.

But, farther ſtill—I ſtop not here—I purſue this ſocial intereſt, as far as I can trace my ſeveral relations. I paſs from my own ſtock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as diſperſed throughout the earth.——Am I not related to them all, by the mutual aids of commerce, by the general intercourſe of arts and letters, by that common nature of which we all participate?

Again—I muſt have food and clothing.—Without a proper genial warmth, I inſtantly periſh.—Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itſelf? to the diſtant ſun, from whoſe beams I derive vigour? to that ſtupendous courſe and order of the infinite hoſt of heaven, by which the times and ſeaſons ever uniformly paſs on?—Were this order once confounded, I could not probably ſurvive a moment; ſo abſolutely

abſolutely do I depend on this common general welfare.—What, then, have I to do, but to enlarge virtue into piety? Not only honour and juſtice, and what I owe to man, is my intereſt; but gratitude alſo, acquieſcence, reſignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its greater governor our common parent.

ADAM's PRAYER AFTER THE INTERMENT OF ABEL.

O THOU, who dwelleſt in the higheſt heaven! God! Creator! Juſtice Eternal! Goodneſs Infinite! behold us proſtrate before the grave of our beloved ſon. We, ſinners, kneel before Thee in the duſt. Oh! may our prayers aſcend to Thy celeſtial Throne! —Look with an eye of compaſſion on us, O God! in this valley of death, this abode of ſin. Our iniquities are great; but Thine infinite goodneſs is ſtill greater. We are polluted in Thy ſight. Thou beholdeſt our impurities, yet Thou haſt not turned Thy face from

from us. Thou ſtill vouchſafeſt to look on us, in our miſery, with a propitious eye. Thou permitteſt us to implore Thee. Thou haſt not abandoned the ſinner.—Eternal praiſes riſe to Thee! Thy works, O God! render Thee praiſe! The beauties of ſpring, the ſerenity of the heavens, ſhew forth Thy beneficence: the loud voice of Thy thunders, the rattling hail, the howling ſtorm, proclaim Thy power. Smiling joy glorifies Thee: Thy juſtice is alſo glorified by the tears of ſorrow.——We have beheld the ſon of ſin, frightful Death. He is come to our dwelling, in a form moſt hideous. Guilt led him by the hand, the earth groaned, and black tempeſts gathered round the direful pair. The firſt fruit of my loins—my firſt-born, has imbrued his hands in his brother's blood. O God, merciful and gracious! caſt him not off for ever. When he mourns in the duſt for his offences: when he trembles at his crime; when, overwhelmed by torturing remorſe, he weeps, he groans, and proſtrates himſelf with deep contrition before Thee; look with a pitying eye on his miſery; commiſerate

commiſerate his deſpair; and aſſuage his anguiſh, by Thy divine conſolations. Reject not, O God! reject not the humble petition. Let him not periſh in Thy wrath. For this grace, O God! we will ſupplicate Thee at the riſing and ſetting ſun. In the ſilent hours of night, when all nature is huſhed to reſt, we will implore Thee for him. O God of conſolation! caſt him not off for ever.

Eternal praiſes be rendered to Thee, who haſt received the ſoul of the happy deceaſed into the regions of never-ending felicity. Death hath ſeized his firſt victim. We ſhall follow, one after another, to the dark and the ſilent grave; but, adored be Thy loving-kindneſs, adored be Thy tender mercies, we ſhall, likewiſe, follow him to the realms of immortality and bliſs. We dwell in bodies of duſt. This duſt ſhall be diſſolved; but Thou art unchangeable, and wilt raiſe to glory the ſinner who deplores his crime, and the righteous man, who mourns that his virtues are mixed with imperfections, and his higheſt attainments ſullied by human frailty. Thou wilt gather them

together out of the duſt, to beſtow on them eternal joys, angelic purity; for —O promiſe ineffable! "The ſeed of the woman ſhall bruiſe the ſerpent's head." Myſtery ſublime! myſtery profound! wrapt in an holy obſcurity, which no finite being can penetrate; but full of divine conſolations. The ſinner is reconciled to God; the offender is reſtored to peace and hope.—Shall man, then, lament; ſhall he groan in deſpair, if the dream of life is alternately filled with joy and ſorrow? Death approaches; it ſhall break the ſhackles of the ſoul, and free it from the conſequences of a juſt malediction. Then thoſe, who, while clothed in duſt, forgot not their original purity, who loved virtue, who loved God, ſhall be aſſembled together in the manſions on high, to enjoy there inceſſant, eternal felicity.

THE CANAL AND THE BROOK.

A REVERIE.

A Delightfully pleaſant evening ſucceeding a ſultry ſummer-day, invited me to take a ſolitary walk; and leaving the duſt of the highway, I fell into a path which led along a pleaſant little valley watered by a ſmall meandring brook. The meadow-ground on its banks had been lately mown, and the new graſs was ſpringing up with a lively verdure. The brook was hid in ſeveral places by the ſhrubs that grew on each ſide, and intermingled their branches. The ſides of the valley were roughened by ſmall irregular thickets; and the whole ſcene had an air of ſolitude and retirement, uncommon in the neighbourhood of a populous town. The Duke of Bridgewater's canal croſſed the valley, high raiſed on a mound of earth, which preſerved a level with the elevated ground on each ſide. An arched road was carried under it, beneath which the brook that ran along the valley was conveyed by a ſubter-

raneous paſſage. I threw myſelf upon a green bank, ſhaded by a leafy thicket, and reſting my head upon my hand, after a welcome indolence had overcome my ſenſes, I ſaw, with the eyes of fancy, the following ſcene.

The firm-built ſide of the aqueduct ſuddenly opened, and a gigantic form iſſued forth, which I ſoon diſcovered to be the Genius of the Canal. He was clad in a cloſe garment of a ruſſet hue. A mural crown, indented with battlements, ſurrounded his brow. His naked feet were diſcoloured with clay. On his left ſhoulder he bore a huge pick-ax; and in his right hand he held certain inſtruments, uſed in ſurveying and levelling. His looks were thoughtful, and his features harſh. The breach through which he proceeded, inſtantly cloſed; and with a heavy tread he advanced into the valley. As he approached the brook, the Deity of the Stream aroſe to meet him. He was habited in a light green mantle, and the clear drops fell from his dark hair, which was encircled with a wreath of water-lily, interwoven with ſweet-ſcented flag: an angling rod ſupported his ſteps.

ſteps. The Genius of the Canal eyed him with a contemptuous look, and in a hoarſe voice thus began:

"Hence, ignoble rill! with thy ſcanty "tribute, to thy lord the Merſey; nor "thus waſte thy almoſt-exhauſted urn "in lingering windings along the vale. "Feeble as thine aid is, it will not be "unacceptable to that maſter ſtream "himſelf; for, as I lately croſſed his "channel, I perceived his ſands loaded "with ſtranded veſſels. I ſaw, and pi-"tied him, for undertaking a taſk to "which he is unequal. But thou, "whoſe languid current is obſcured by "weeds, and interrupted by miſhapen "pebbles; who loſeſt thyſelf in endleſs "mazes, remote from any ſound but "thy own idle gurgling; how canſt "thou ſupport an exiſtence ſo con-"temptible and uſeleſs? For me, the "nobleſt child of art, who hold my "unremitting coarſe from hill to hill, "over vales and rivers; who pierce "the ſolid rock for my paſſage, and "connect unknown lands with diſtant "ſeas; wherever I appear I am viewed "with aſtoniſhment, and exulting com-"merce hails my waves. Behold my

" channel thronged with capacious veſ-
" ſels for the conveyance of merchan-
" diſe, and ſplendid barges for the uſe
" and pleaſure of travellers; my banks
" crowned with airy bridges and huge
" warehouſes, and echoing with the
" buſy ſounds of induſtry. Pay then
" the homage due from ſloth and ob-
" ſcurity to grandeur and utility.'

" I readily acknowledge," replied the Deity of the Brook, in a modeſt accent, " the ſuperior magnificence and " more extenſive utility of which you " ſo proudly boaſt; yet, in my humble " walk, I am not void of a praiſe, leſs " ſhining, but not leſs ſolid than yours. " The nymph of this peaceful valley, " rendered more fertile and beautiful by " my ſtream; the neighbouring ſylvan " deities, to whoſe pleaſure I contri-" bute, will pay a grateful teſtimony to " my merit. The windings of my courſe, " which you ſo much blame, ſerve to " diffuſe over a greater extent of ground " the refreſhment of my waters; and " the lovers of nature and the Muſes, " who are fond of ſtraying on my banks, " are better pleaſed that the line of " beauty marks my way, than if, like

" yours,

"yours, it were directed in a ſtraight,
"unvaried line. They prize the irregu-
"lar wildneſs with which I am decked,
"as the charms of beauteous ſimplicity.
"What you call the weeds which darken
"and obſcure my waves, afford to the
"botaniſt a pleaſing ſpeculation of the
"works of nature; and the poet and
"painter think the luſtre of my ſtream
"greatly improved by glittering thro'
"them. The pebbles which diverſify
"my bottom, and make theſe ripplings
"in my current, are pleaſing objects to
"the eye of taſte; and my ſimple mur-
"murs are more melodious to the learn-
"ed ear than all the rude noiſes of your
"banks, or even the muſick that re-
"ſounds from your ſtately barges. If
"the unfeeling ſons of wealth and com-
"merce judge of me by the mere ſtan-
"dard of uſefulneſs, I may claim no
"undiſtinguiſhed rank. While your
"waters, confined in deep channels, or
"lifted above the vallies, roll on, a
"uſeleſs burden to the fields, and only
"ſubſervient to the drudgery of bearing
"temporary merchandiſes, my ſtream
"will beſtow unvarying fertility on the
"meadows, during the ſummers of fu-

"ture

" ture ages. Yet I ſcorn to ſubmit my
" honours to the deciſion of thoſe, whoſe
" hearts are ſhut up to taſte and ſenti-
" ment; let me appeal to nobler judges.
" The philoſopher and poet, by whoſe
" labours the human mind is elevated
" and refined, and opened to pleaſures
" beyond the conception of vulgar ſouls,
" will acknowledge that the elegant dei-
" ties who preſide over ſimple and na-
" tural beauty, have inſpired them with
" their charming and inſtructive ideas.
" The ſweeteſt and moſt majeſtic bard
" that ever ſung, has taken a pride in
" owning his affection to woods and
" ſtreams; and while the ſtupendous
" monuments of Roman grandeur, the
" columns which pierced the ſkies, and
" the aqueducts which poured their
" waves over mountains and vallies,
" are ſunk in oblivion, the gently-wind-
" ing Mincius ſtill retains his tranquil
" honours. And when thy glories,
" proud Genius! are loſt and forgot-
" ten; when the flood of commerce,
" which now ſupplies thy urn, is turned
" into another courſe, and has left thy
" channel dry and deſolate, the ſoftly-
" flowing Avon ſhall ſtill murmur in

" ſong,

"ſong, and his banks receive the ho-
"mage of all who are beloved by
"Phœbus and the Muſes."

THE STORY OF A DISABLED SOLDIER.

NO obſervation is more common, and at the ſame time more true, than, That one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble ſufferers; the great, under the preſſure of calamity, are conſcious of ſeveral others ſympathizing with their diſtreſs; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on: men in ſuch circumſtances will act bravely even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obſcurity, can brave adverſity; who, without friends

friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate, his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great; whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities! while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence, the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day, than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of mercy, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being

being unable to viſit a certain ſpot of earth, to which they had fooliſhly attached an idea of happineſs! Their diſtreſſes were pleaſures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and ſlept; they had ſlaves to attend them, and were ſure of ſubſiſtence for life: while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or aſſiſt them, and even without ſhelter from the ſeverity of the ſeaſon.

I have been led into theſe reflections from accidentally meeting, ſome days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dreſſed in a ſailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honeſt and induſtrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his preſent ſituation. Wherefore, after giving him what I thought proper, I deſired to know the hiſtory of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his preſent diſtreſs. The diſabled ſoldier, for ſuch he was, though dreſſed in a ſailor's habit,

bit, ſcratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himſelf into an attitude to comply with my requeſt, and gave me his hiſtory, as follows:

"As for my misfortunes, maſter, I "can't pretend to have gone through "any more than other folks; for, ex- "cept the loſs of my limb, and my "being obliged to beg, I don't know "any reaſon, thank Heaven, that I have "to complain; there is Bill Tibbs, of "our regiment, he has loſt both his "legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank "Heaven, it is not ſo bad with me yet.

"I was born in Shropſhire, my fa- "ther was a labourer, and died when "I was five years old; ſo I was put "upon the pariſh. As he had been a "wandering ſort of a man, the pariſh- "oners were not able to tell to what "pariſh I belonged, or where I was "born, ſo they ſent me to another pa- "riſh, and that pariſh ſent me to a "third. I thought in my heart, they "kept ſending me about ſo long, that "they would not let me be born in any "pariſh at all; but at laſt, however, "they fixed me. I had ſome diſpoſition "to be a ſcholar, and was reſolved, at

"leaſt,

"leaſt, to know my letters; but the "maſter of the workhouſe put me to "buſineſs as ſoon as I was able to han-"dle a mallet; and here I lived an "eaſy kind of life for five years. I "only wrought ten hours in the day, "and had my meat and drink provided "for my labour. It is true, I was not "ſuffered to ſtir out of the houſe, for "fear, as they ſaid, I ſhould run away; "but what of that, I had the liberty "of the whole houſe, and the yard be-"fore the door, and that was enough "for me. I was then bound out to a "farmer, where I was up both early "and late; but I ate and drank well, "and liked my buſineſs well enough, "till he died, when I was obliged to "provide for myſelf; ſo I was reſolved "to go ſeek my fortune.

"In this manner I went from town to "town, worked when I could get em-"ployment, and ſtarved when I could "get none: when happening one day "to go through a field belonging to a "juſtice of peace, I ſpy'd a hare croſ-"ſing the path juſt before me; and I "believe the devil put it in my head "to fling my ſtick at it:—well, what

" will you have on't? I killed the hare,
" and was bringing it away, when the
" juſtice himſelf met me: he called me
" a poacher and a villain; and col-
" laring me, deſired I would give an
" account of myſelf; I fell upon my
" knees, begged his worſhip's pardon,
" and began to give a full account of
" all that I knew of my breed, ſeed,
" and generation; but, though I gave
" a very true account, the juſtice ſaid
" I could give no account, ſo I was
" indicted at ſeſſions, found guilty of
" being poor, and ſent up to London
" to Newgate, in order to be tranſ-
" ported as a vagabond.

" People may ſay this and that of
" being in jail, but, for my part, I
" found Newgate as agreeable a place
" as ever I was in in all my life. I had
" my belly-full to eat and drink, and
" did no work at all. This kind of life
" was too good to laſt for ever; ſo I
" was taken out of priſon, after five
" months, put on board a ſhip, and
" ſent off, with two hundred more, to
" the plantations. We had but an
" indifferent paſſage, for, being all
" confined in the hold, more than a
" hundred

"hundred of our people died for want "of ſweet air; and thoſe that remained "were ſickly enough, God knows. "When we came aſhore, we were ſold "to the planters, and I was bound for "ſeven years more. As I was no ſcho-"lar, for I did not know my letters, "I was obliged to work among the "negroes; and I ſerved out my time, "as in duty bound to do.

"When my time was expired, I "worked my paſſage home, and glad "I was to ſee Old England again, be-"cauſe I loved my country. I was "afraid, however, that I ſhould be in-"dicted for a vagabond once more, ſo "did not much care to go down into "the country, but kept about the town, "and did little jobs when I could get "them.

"I was very happy in this manner "for ſome time, till one evening, "coming home from work, two men "knocked me down, and then deſired "me to ſtand. They belonged to a "preſs-gang: I was carried before the "juſtice, and, as I could give no ac-"count of myſelf, I had my choice "left, whether to go on board a man

" of war, or liſt for a ſoldier: I choſe " the latter; and, in this poſt of a " gentleman, I ſerved two campaigns " in Flanders, was at the battles of Val " and Fontenoy, and received but one " wound, through the breaſt here; but " the doctor of our regiment ſoon made " me well again.

" When the peace came on I was " diſcharged; and, as I could not work, " becauſe my wound was ſometimes " troubleſome, I liſted for a land-man " in the Eaſt-India company's ſervice. " I have fought the French in ſix pitch- " ed battles; and I verily believe, that, " if I could read or write, our captain " would have made me a corporal. " But it was not my good fortune to " have any promotion, for I ſoon fell " ſick, and ſo got leave to return home " again with forty pounds in my pocket. " This was at the beginning of the pre- " ſent war, and I hoped to be ſet on " ſhore and to have the pleaſure of " ſpending my money; but the govern- " ment wanted men, and ſo I was preſ- " ſed for a ſailor before ever I could " ſet foot on ſhore.

" The

"The boatſwain found me, as he "ſaid, an obſtinate fellow: he ſwore "he knew that I underſtood my buſi-"neſs well, but that I ſhammed Abra-"ham, to be idle; but, God knows, "I knew nothing of ſea-buſineſs, and "he beat me, without conſidering what "he was about. I had ſtill, however, "my forty pounds, and that was ſome "comfort to me under every beating; "and the money I might have had to "this day, but that our ſhip was taken "by the French, and ſo I loſt all.

"Our crew was carried into Breſt, "and many of them died, becauſe they "were not uſed to live in a jail; but, "for my part, it was nothing to me, for "I was ſeaſoned. One night, as I was "aſleep on the bed of boards, with a "warm blanket about me, for I always "loved to lie well, I was awakened by "the boatſwain, who had a dark lan-"thorn in his hand; 'Jack,' ſays he to "me, 'will you knock out the French "centry's brains?' I don't care, ſays "I, ſtriving to keep myſelf awake, "if I lend a hand. 'Then follow me,' "ſays he, 'and I hope we ſhall do bu-"ſineſs.' So up I got, and tied my

" blanket, which was all the cloaths I " had, about my middle, and went with " him to fight the Frenchman. I hate " the French, becauſe they are all ſlaves, " and wear wooden ſhoes.

" Though we had no arms, one Eng- " liſhman is able to beat five French at " any time; ſo we went down to the " door, where both the centries were " poſted, and ruſhing upon them, ſeized " their arms in a moment, and knocked " them down. From thence nine of " us ran together to the quay, and " ſeizing the firſt boat we met, got out " of the harbour and put to ſea. We " had not been here three days before " we were taken up by the Dorſet pri- " vateer, who were glad of ſo many " good hands, and we conſented to run " our chance. However, we had not " as much good luck as we expected. " In three days we fell in with the " Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, " while we had but twenty-three; ſo " to it we went, yard-arm and yard- " arm. The fight laſted for three " hours, and I verily believe we ſhould " have taken the Frenchman, had we " but had ſome more men left behind;

" but,

"but, unfortunately, we loſt all our "men juſt as we were going to get the "victory.

"I was once more in the power of "the French, and I believe it would "have gone hard with me had I been "brought back to Breſt; but by good "fortune, we were retaken by the "Viper. I had almoſt forgot to tell "you, that, in that engagement, I was "wounded in two places: I loſt four "fingers off the left hand, and my leg "was ſhot off. If I had had the good "fortune to have loſt my leg and uſe "of my hand on board a king's ſhip, "and not aboard a privateer, I ſhould "have been entitled to cloathing and "maintenance during the reſt of my "life; but that was not my chance: "one man is born with a ſilver ſpoon "in his mouth, and another with a "wooden ladle. However, bleſſed be "God, I enjoy good health, and will "for ever love liberty and Old Eng-"land. Liberty, property, and Old "England, for ever. huzza!"

Thus ſaying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging,

ing, that an habitual acquaintance with miſery ſerves better than philoſophy to teach us to deſpiſe it.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF FILIAL DUTY.

THE prætor had given up to the triumvir, a woman of ſome rank, condemned for a capital crime to be executed in the priſon. He who had charge of the execution, in conſideration of her birth, did not immediately put her to death. He even ventured to let her daughter have acceſs to her in priſon; carefully ſearching her, however, as ſhe went in, leſt ſhe ſhould carry with her any ſuſtenance; concluding, that in a few days the mother muſt of courſe periſh for want, and that the ſeverity of putting a woman of family to a violent death, by the hand of the executioner, might thus be avoided. Some days paſſing in this manner, the triumvir begun to wonder that the daughter ſtill came to viſit her mother,

mother, and could by no means comprehend, how the latter ſhould live ſo long. Watching, therefore, carefully, what paſſed in the interview between them, he found, to his great aſtoniſhment, that the life of the mother had been, all this while, ſupported by the milk of the daughter, who came to the priſon every day, to give her mother her breaſts to ſuck. The ſtrange contrivance between them was repreſented to the judges, and procured a pardon for the mother. Nor was it thought ſufficient to give to ſo dutiful a daughter the forfeited life of her condemned mother, but they were both maintained afterwards by a penſion ſettled on them for life. And the ground, upon which the priſon ſtood, was conſecrated, and a temple to Filial Piety built upon it.

What will not filial duty contrive, or what hazards will it not run, if it will put a daughter upon venturing, at the peril of her own life, to maintain her impriſoned and condemned mother in ſo unuſual a manner? For what was ever heard of more ſtrange, than a mother ſucking the breaſts of her own daughter? It might even ſeem

ſo

ſo unnatural, as to render it doubtful, whether it might not be, in ſome ſort, wrong, if it were not, that duty to parents is the firſt law of nature.

THE STORY OF DIONYSIUS THE TYRANT.

DIONYSIUS, the tyrant of Sicily, ſhewed how far he was from being happy, even whilſt he abounded in riches, and all the pleaſures which riches can procure. Damocles, one of his flatterers, was complimenting him upon his power, his treaſures, and the magnificence of his royal ſtate, and affirming, that no monarch ever was greater or happier than he. "Have you a mind, Damocles, (ſays the king) to taſte this happineſs, and know, by experience, what my enjoyments are, of which you have ſo high an idea?" Damocles gladly accepted the offer. Upon which the king ordered, that a royal banquet ſhould be prepared, and a gilded couch placed for him, covered with rich embroidery, and ſide-boards loaded

loaded with gold and ſilver plate of immenſe value. Pages of extraordinary beauty were ordered to wait on him at table; and to obey his commands with the greateſt readineſs, and the moſt profound ſubmiſſion. Neither ointments, chaplets of flowers, nor rich perfumes were wanting. The table was loaded with the moſt exquiſite delicacies of every kind. Damocles fancied himſelf amongſt the gods. In the midſt of all his happineſs, he ſees let down from the roof exactly over his neck, as he lay indulging himſelf in ſtate, a glittering ſword hung by a ſingle hair. The ſight of deſtruction thus threatening him from on high, ſoon put a ſtop to his joy and revelling. The pomp of his attendance, and the glitter of the carved plate, gave him no longer any pleaſure. He dreads to ſtretch forth his hand to the table. He throws off the chaplet of roſes. He haſtens to remove from his dangerous ſituation, and at laſt begs the king to reſtore him to his former humble condition, having no deſire to enjoy any longer ſuch a dreadful kind of happineſs.

THE

THE RESIGNATION OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.

CHARLES reſolved to reſign his kingdoms to his ſon, with a ſolemnity ſuitable to the importance of the tranſaction; and to perform this laſt act of ſovereignty with ſuch formal pomp, as might leave an indelible impreſſion on the minds, not only of his ſubjects, but of his ſucceſſor. With this view, he called Philip out of England, where the peeviſh temper of his queen, which increaſed with her deſpair of having iſſue, rendered him extremely unhappy; and the jealouſy of the Engliſh left him no hopes of obtaining the direction of their affairs. Having aſſembled the ſtates of the Low Countries, at Bruſſels, on the twenty-fifth of October, one thouſand five hundred and fifty-five, Charles ſeated himſelf, for the laſt time, in the chair of ſtate; on one ſide of which was placed his ſon, and, on the other, his ſiſter the queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands; with a ſplendid retinue of the grandees of Spain, and princes

princes of the empire, ſtanding behind him. The preſident of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained, in a few words, his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the ſtates. He then read the inſtrument of reſignation, by which Charles ſurrendered to his ſon Philip, all his territories, juriſdiction, and authority in the Low Countries; abſolving his ſubjects there, from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip his lawful heir, and to ſerve him with the ſame loyalty and zeal, which they had manifeſted, during ſo long a courſe of years, in ſupport of his government.

Charles then roſe from his ſeat, and leaning on the ſhoulder of the prince of Orange, becauſe he was unable to ſtand without ſupport, he addreſſed himſelf to the audience; and from a paper which he held in his hand in order to aſſiſt his memory, he recounted, with dignity, but without oſtentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed, ſince the commencement of his adminiſtration. He obſerved, that, from the ſeventeenth

year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects; reſerving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his eaſe, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleaſure; that, either in a pacific or hoſtile manner, he had viſited Germany nine times, Spain ſix times, France four times, Italy ſeven times, the Low Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by ſea: that, while his health permitted him to diſcharge his duty, and the vigour of his conſtitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing ſuch extenſive dominions, he had never ſhunned labour, nor repined under fatigue: that, now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhauſted by the rage of an incurable diſtemper, his growing infirmities admoniſhed him to retire; nor was he ſo fond of reigning, as to retain the ſceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his ſubjects, or to render them happy: that, inſtead of a ſovereign worn out with diſeaſes, and ſcarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accuſ-

accuſtomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth, all the attention and ſagacity of maturer years: that, if during the courſe of a long adminiſtration, he had committed any material error in government; or if, under the preſſure of ſo many and great affairs, and amidſt the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected, or injured any of his ſubjects, he now implored their forgiveneſs: that, for his part, he ſhould ever retain a grateful ſenſe of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his ſweeteſt conſolation, as well as the beſt reward for all his ſervices; and, in his laſt prayers to Almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wiſhes for their welfare.

Then turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees, and kiſſed his father's hand, "If," ſays he, "I had left you, "by my death, this rich inheritance, "to which I have made ſuch large ad- "ditions, ſome regard would have been "juſtly due to my memory on that ac- "count: but now, when I voluntarily

" reſign to you what I might have ſtill
" retained, I may well expect the warm-
" eſt expreſſions of thanks on your
" part. With theſe, however, I diſ-
" penſe; and ſhall conſider your con-
" cern for the welfare of your ſubjects,
" and your love of them, as the beſt
" and moſt acceptable teſtimony of
" your gratitude to me. It is in your
" power, by a wiſe and virtuous ad-
" miniſtration, to juſtify the extraordi-
" nary proof, which I, this day, give
" of my paternal affection; and to de-
" monſtrate, that you are worthy of
" the confidence which I repoſe in you.
" Preſerve an inviolable regard for re-
" ligion; maintain the Catholic faith
" in its purity; let the laws of your
" country be ſacred in your eyes; en-
" croach not on the rights and privi-
" leges of your people: and if the time
" ſhould ever come, when you ſhall
" wiſh to enjoy the tranquillity of pri-
" vate life, may you have a ſon, en-
" dowed with ſuch qualities that you
" can reſign your ſceptre to him, with
" as much ſatisfaction as I give up mine
" to you."

As

As ſoon as Charles had finiſhed this long addreſs to his ſubjects, and to their new ſovereign, he ſunk into the chair, exhauſted, and ready to faint with the fatigue of ſuch an extraordinary effort. During his diſcourſe, the whole audience melted into tears; ſome, from admiration of his magnanimity; others, ſoftened by the expreſſions of tenderneſs towards his ſon, and of love to his people; and all were affected with the deepeſt ſorrow, at loſing a ſovereign who had diſtinguiſhed the Netherlands, his native country, with particularly marks of his regard and attachment.

A few weeks afterwards, Charles, in an aſſembly no leſs ſplendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, reſigned to his ſon the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the Old and in the New World. Of all theſe vaſt poſſeſſions he reſerved nothing for himſelf, but an annual penſion of a hundred thouſand crowns, to defray the charges of his family, and to afford him a ſmall ſum, for acts of beneficence and charity.

The place he had choſen for his retreat, was the monaſtery of St. Juſtus, in the province of Eſtremadura. It was ſeated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a ſmall brook, and ſurrounded by riſing grounds, covered with loſty trees. From the nature of the ſoil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was eſteemed the moſt healthful and delicious ſituation in Spain. Some months before his reſignation, he had ſent an architect thither, to add a new apartment to the monaſtery, for his accomodation; but he gave ſtrict orders, that the ſtyle of the building ſhould be ſuch as ſuited his preſent ſituation, rather than his former dignity. It conſiſted only of ſix rooms; four of them in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls; the other two, each twenty-feet ſquare, were hung with brown cloth, and furniſhed in the moſt ſimple manner. They were all on a level with the ground; with a door, on one ſide, into a garden, of which Charles himſelf had given the plan, and which he had filled with various plants, intending to cultivate them with his own hands. On the other ſide, they commu-

communicated with the chapel of the monaſtery, in which he was to perform his devotions. Into this humble retreat, hardly ſufficient for the comfortable accomodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domeſtics only. He buried there, in ſolitude and ſilence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all thoſe vaſt projects, which, during half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe, filing every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being ſubjected to his power.

AN EXAMPLE OF BRITISH INTREPIDITY.

IN a late engagement in the Weſt-Indies, the Reſolution man of war, of 74 guns, being oppoſed to a French ſhip of 80 guns, a two-decker, whoſe weight of metal was much heavier than that of the Britiſh ſhip, the engagement being very cloſe, a dreadful carnage enſued; moſt of the officers on board the Reſolution were either killed or wounded;

wounded; the ſame appears to have happened on board the Frenchman, her antagoniſt, whoſe Captain, ſecond Captain, and three of her Lieutenants, lay dead on her decks. Lord Robert Manners, who commanded the Reſolution, had his right arm ſhot off below the elbow, early in the engagement; he made one of his midſhipmen, who ſtood next him to receive his orders, wrap up the ſtump in his handkerchief and a little lint, aſſiſted by one of the ſurgeon's mates, the medical aſſiſtant being directly ſent to the cockpit, where his aſſiſtance was required; the Captain was ſoon after again wounded in the ſame arm, and in a ſhort time in the right leg: reſolved not to quit the deck, he had a chair to ſit in, being now incapable of ſtanding: in a very ſhort time a chain ſhot came athwart the quarter deck, which took the chair in which the Captain was ſitting, and divided the wounded leg from his body, about the middle of the calf, his attendant, a volunteer, that was ſtanding by him, having both legs ſhot off by the ſame; two ſailors came directly to raiſe the Captain, and to have him down

to

to the cabin: "Go, my honeſt fellows," ſaid the brave Manners, "take that poor "gentleman down, who more needs "your aſſiſtance; my lot is death, and "I deſire no other——but he may yet "live to ſee many a Frenchman die "before him." The volunteer refuſed to be moved from the Captain's ſide, ſaying this was the firſt time he ever diſobeyed his orders. After the engagement, which now ſoon ended, both were removed. The brave Manners died on his paſſage home: the volunteer, (a young man of family) continued in the Weſt-Indies, with two wooden ſtumps, and was promoted to a lieutenancy.

THE HILL OF SCIENCE.

A VISION.

IN that ſeaſon of the year when the ſerenity of the ſky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the diſcoloured foliage of the trees, and all the ſweet, but fading graces of inſpiring autumn, open

open the mind to benevolence, and diſpoſe it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curioſity began to give way to wearineſs; and I ſat me down on the fragment of a rock overgrown with moſs, where the ruſtling of the falling leaves, the daſhing of waters, and the hum of the diſtant city, ſoothed my mind into the moſt perfect tranquillity, and ſleep inſenſibly ſtole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries which the objects around me naturally inſpired.

I immediately found myſelf in a vaſt extended plain, in the middle of which aroſe a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom preſſed forwards with the livelieſt expreſſion of ardour in their countenance, though the way was in many places ſteep and difficult. I obſerved, that thoſe who had juſt begun to climb the hill, thought themſelves not far from the top; but as they proceeded, new hills were continually riſing to their view, and the ſummit of the higheſt they could before

fore diſcern ſeemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to loſe itſelf in the clouds. As I was gazing on theſe things with aſtoniſhment, my good genius ſuddenly appeared: The mountain before thee, ſaid he, is the Hill of Science. On the top is the temple of Truth, whoſe head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Obſerve the progreſs of her votaries; be ſilent, and attentive.

I ſaw that the only regular approach to the mountain was by a gate, called the gate of languages. It was kept by a woman of a penſive and thoughtful appearance, whoſe lips were continually moving, as though ſhe repeated ſomething to herſelf. Her name was Memory. On entering this firſt encloſure, I was ſtunned with a confuſed murmur of jarring voices, and diſſonant ſounds; which increaſed upon me to ſuch a degree, that I was utterly confounded, and could compare the noiſe to nothing but the confuſion of tongues at Babel. The road was alſo rough and ſtony; and rendered more difficult by heaps of rubbiſh, continually

ally tumbled down from the higher parts of the mountain; and broken ruins of antient buildings, which the travellers were obliged to climb over at every ſtep; inſomuch that many, diſguſted with ſo rough a beginning, turned back, and attempted the mountain no more: while others, having conquered this difficulty, had no ſpirits to aſcend further, and ſitting down on ſome fragment of the rubbiſh, harangued the multitude below with the greateſt marks of importance and ſelf-complacency.

About half way up the hill, I obſerved on each ſide the path a thick foreſt covered with continual fogs, and cut out into labyrinths, croſs alleys, and ſerpentine walks, entangled with thorns and briars. This was called the wood of Error: and I heard the voices of many who were loſt up and down in it, calling to one another, and endeavouring in vain to extricate themſelves. The trees in many places ſhot their boughs over the path, and a thick miſt often reſted on it; yet never ſo much but that it was diſcernible by the light which beamed from the countenance of Truth.

In

In the pleaſanteſt part of the mountain were placed the bowers of the Muſes, whoſe office it was to cheer the ſpirits of the travellers, and encourage their fainting ſteps with ſongs from their divine harps. Not far from hence were the fields of Fiction, filled with a variety of wild flowers ſpringing up in the greateſt luxuriance, of richer ſcents and brighter colours than I had obſerved in any other climate. And near them was the dark walk of Allegory, ſo artificially ſhaded, that the light at noon-day was never ſtronger than that of a bright moon-ſhine. This gave it a pleaſingly romantic air for thoſe who delighted in contemplation. The paths and alleys were perplexed with intricate windings, and were all terminated with the ſtatue of a Grace, a Virtue, or a Muſe.

After I had obſerved theſe things, I turned my eye towards the multitudes who were climbing the ſteep aſcent, and obſerved amongſt them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and ſomething fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted like an eagle up the mountain,

and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration: but his progreſs was unequal, and interrupted by a thouſand caprices. When Pleaſure warbled in the valley he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths; and made ſo many excurſions from the road, that his feebler companions often outſtripped him. I obſerved that the Muſes beheld him with partiality; but Truth often frowned and turned aſide her face. While Genius was thus waſting his ſtrength in excentric flights, I ſaw a perſon of a very different appearance named Application. He crept along with a ſlow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every ſtone that obſtructed his way, till he ſaw moſt of thoſe below him who had at firſt derided his ſlow and toilſome progreſs. Indeed there were few who aſcended the hill with equal and uninterrupted ſteadineſs; for beſide the difficulties of the way, they were continually ſolicited to turn aſide by a numerous crowd

crowd of Appetites, Paſſions, and Pleaſures, whoſe importunity, when they had once complied with, they became leſs and leſs able to reſiſt; and though they often returned to the path, the aſperities of the road were more ſeverely felt, the hill appeared more ſteep and rugged, the fruits which were wholeſome and refreſhing ſeemed harſh and ill-taſted, their ſight grew dim, and their feet tript at every little obſtruction.

I ſaw, with ſome ſurprize, that the Muſes, whoſe buſineſs was to cheer and encourage thoſe who were toiling up the aſcent, would often ſing in the bowers of Pleaſure, and accompany thoſe who were enticed away at the call of the Paſſions; they accompanied them, however, but a little way, and always forſook them when they loſt ſight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives, and led them away, without reſiſtance, to the cells of Ignorance, or the manſions of Miſery. Amongſt the innumerable ſeducers, who were endeavouring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of Science,

there was one, ſo little formidable in her appearance, and ſo gentle and languid in her attempts, that I ſhould ſcarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers ſhe had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. Indolence, (for ſo ſhe was called) far from proceeding to open hoſtilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herſelf with retarding their progreſs; and the purpoſe ſhe could not force them to abandon, ſhe perſuaded them to delay. Her touch had a power like that of the torpedo, which withered the ſtrength of thoſe who came within its influence. Her unhappy captives ſtill turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground ſeemed to ſlide from beneath their feet, and they found themſelves at the bottom before they ſuſpected they had changed their place. The placid ſerenity which at firſt appeared in their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom, as they glided down the ſtream of Inſignificance; a dark and ſluggiſh water, which is curled by no

no breeze, and enlivened by no murmur, till it falls into a dead ſea, where ſtartled paſſengers are awakened by the ſhock, and the next moment buried in the gulph of Oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deſerters from the paths of Science, none ſeemed leſs able to return than the followers of Indolence. The captives of Appetite and Paſſion could often ſeize the moment when their tyrants were languid or aſleep to eſcape from their enchantment: but the dominion of Indolence was conſtant and unremitted, and ſeldom reſiſted till reſiſtance was in vain.

After contemplating theſe things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path ſhaded with laurels and other ever-greens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of the goddeſs ſeemed to ſhed a glory round her votaries. Happy, ſaid I, are they who are permitted to aſcend the mountain!—but while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardour, I ſaw ſtanding beſide me a form of diviner features and a more benign radiance. Happier, ſaid

ſhe, are thoſe whom Virtue conducts to the manſions of Content! What, ſaid I, does Virtue then reſide in the vale? I am found, ſaid ſhe, in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain: I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inſpire the ſage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bleſs the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wiſhes for me I am already preſent. Science may raiſe you to eminence, but I alone can guide you to felicity! While the goddeſs was thus ſpeaking, I ſtretched out my arms towards her with a vehemence which broke my ſlumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the ſhades of evening ſtretched over the landſcape. I haſtened homeward, and reſigned the night to ſilence and meditation.

ON

ON ENTRANCE INTO LIFE, AND THE CONDUCT OF EARLY MANHOOD.

THERE ſeems to be a peculiar propriety in addreſſing moral precepts to the riſing generation. Beſides that, like travellers entering on a journey, they want direction, there are circumſtances which render it probable that inſtruction will be more efficacious in youth than at a maturer period. Long habits of buſineſs or pleaſure, and an indiſcriminate intercourſe with mankind, often ſuperinduce a great degree of inſenſibility; and the battered veteran at laſt conſiders the admonitions of the moraliſt as the vain babbling of a ſophiſt, and the declamation of a ſchool-boy. The keen edge of moral perception is blunted by long and reiterated colliſion. To him who has loſt the finer ſenſibilities, it is no leſs fruitleſs to addreſs a moral diſcourſe, than to repreſent to the deaf, the charms of melody, or to the blind, the beauties of a picture.

But

But youth poſſeſſes ſenſibility in perfection; and unleſs education has been totally neglected, or erroneouſly purſued, its habits are uſually virtuous. Furniſhed with a natural ſuſceptibility, and free from any acquired impediment, the mind is then in the moſt favourable ſtate for the admiſſion of inſtruction, and for learning how to live.

I will then ſuppoſe a young man preſent who has paſſed through the forms of a liberal education at ſchool, and who is juſt entering on the ſtage of life, to act his part according to his own judgment. I will addreſs him with all the affection and ſincerity of a parent, in the following manner:

"You have violent paſſions implanted in you by Nature for the accompliſhment of her purpoſes. But do not conclude, as many have done to their ruin, that becauſe they are violent, they are irreſiſtable. The ſame Nature which gave you paſſions, gave you reaſon and a love of order. Religion, added to the light of Nature and the experience of mankind, has concurred in eſtabliſhing it as an unqueſtionable truth, that the irregular or intemperate indul-

indulgence of the paſſions is always attended with pain, in ſome mode or other, which greatly exceeds its pleaſure.

"Your paſſions will be eaſily reſtrained from enormous exceſs, if you really wiſh and honeſtly endeavour to reſtrain them. But the greater part of young men ſtudy to inflame their fury, and give them a degree of force which they poſſeſs not in a ſtate of nature. They run into temptation, and deſire not to be delivered from evil. They knowingly and willingly ſacrifice to momentary gratifications, the comfort of all which ſhould ſweeten the remainder of life. Begin then with moſt ſincerely wiſhing to conquer theſe ſubtle and powerful enemies which you carry in your boſom. Pray for Divine aſſiſtance. Avoid ſolitude the firſt moment a looſe thought inſinuates itſelf, and haſten to the company of thoſe whom you reſpect. Never converſe on ſubjects which lead to impure ideas. Have courage to decline reading immoral books, even when they fall into your hands. If you form a ſtrong attachment to a virtuous woman, dare to marry

marry early. It is better to be poor than wicked. Cheriſh the object of your early love. Be induſtrious, and truſt in Providence.

"Thus ſhall you avoid the perpetual torments of unruly affection, the moſt loathſome of diſeaſes, and the thouſand penalties of ſelfiſh celibacy. Thus ſhall you pleaſe God and your own heart, if it is a good one; and diſpleaſe none but an ill-judging and wicked world, and perhaps a few of your covetous relations.

"But really you have not ſo much to fear from the violence of the concupiſcible affections, when unaſſiſted by voluntary compliance, as from vanity. The perverſe ambition of arriving at the character of a man of ſpirit by vicious audacity, has of late univerſally prevailed, and has ruined the greater part of the Britiſh youth. I have known many young men proud of the impureſt of diſtempers, and boaſting of misfortunes which are attended with the greateſt pain and miſery, and ought to be accompanied with ſhame. Far more have taken pains to ſhine, amidſt the little circle of their

vicious

vicious acquaintance, in the character of gay libertines, than to acquire, by uſeful qualities, the eſteem of the good. From vanity, are health and peace ſacrificed; fortunes laviſhed without credit or enjoyment; every relative and perſonal duty neglected; and religion boldly ſet at defiance. To be admitted into the company of thoſe who diſgrace the family title which they inherit, thouſands plunge into debauchery without paſſion; into drunkenneſs without convivial enjoyment; into gaming without the means or inclination for play. Old age rapidly advances. When vanity at length retreats from inſult and from mortification, avarice ſucceeds; and meanneſs, and diſeaſe, and diſgrace, and poverty, and diſcontent, and deſpair, diffuſe clouds and darkneſs over the evening of life. Such is the lot of thoſe who glory in their ſhame, and are aſhamed of their glory.

"Have ſenſe and reſolution enough, therefore, to give up all pretenſions to thoſe titles of a fine fellow, a rake, or whatever vulgar name the temporary cant of the vicious beſtows on the diſtinguiſhed libertine. Preſerve your

principles,

principles, and be ſteady in your conduct. And though your exemplary behaviour may bring upon you the inſulting and ironical appellation of a Saint, a Puritan, or even a Methodiſt, *perſevere*. It will be your turn in a few years, not indeed to inſult, but to pity. Have ſpirit. Show your ſpirit. But let it be that ſpirit which urges you to proceed againſt all oppoſition in the path in which you were placed by the faithful guide of your infancy and early youth. Diſplay a noble ſuperiority in daring to diſregard the ſpiteful and artful reproaches of the vain, who labour to make you a convert to folly, in order to keep them in countenance. They will laugh at firſt, but eſteem you in their hearts, even while they laugh, and, in the end, revere your virtue.

"Let that generous courage which conſcious rectitude inſpires, enable you to deſpiſe and neglect the aſſaults of ridicule. When all other modes of attack have failed, ridicule has ſucceeded. The bulwark of virtue, which has ſtood firmly againſt the weapons of argument, has tottered on its baſis, or fallen to the ground, at the ſlighteſt touch of

of magic ridicule. In the college, in the army, in the world at large, it is the powerful engine which is uſed to level an exalted character. You will infallibly be attacked with it, if you are in any reſpects ſingular; and ſingular in many reſpects you muſt be, if you are eminently virtuous.

"Love truth, and dare to ſpeak it at all events. The man of the world will tell you, you muſt diſſemble; and ſo you muſt, if your objects and purſuits are as mean and as ſelfiſh as his. But your purpoſes are generous, and your means of obtaining them are therefore undiſguiſed. You mean well. Avow your meaning, if honour requires the avowal, and fear nothing. You will indeed do right to wiſh to pleaſe; but you will only wiſh to pleaſe the worthy; and none but worthy actions will effect that purpoſe. With reſpect to that *art of pleaſing* which requires the ſacrifice of your ſincerity, deſpiſe it as the baſe quality of flatterers, ſycophants, cheats, and ſcoundrels. An habitual liar, beſides that he will be known and marked with infamy, muſt poſſeſs a poor and puſil-

lanimous heart; for lying originates in cowardice. It originates alſo in fraud; and a liar, whatever may be his ſtation, would certainly, if he were ſure of ſecrecy, be a thief. Sorry am I to ſay, that this habit is very frequent in the world, even among thoſe who make a figure in the realms of diſſipation; among thoſe whoſe *honour* would compel them to ſtab you to the heart, if you were to tell them plainly ſo mortifying a truth, that you convict them of a lie.

"With all your good qualities, unite the humility of a Chriſtian. Be not moroſe. Be cautious of over-valuing yourſelf. Make allowances for the vices and errors which you daily ſee. Remember that all have not had the benefit of moral inſtruction; that a great part of mankind are in effect orphans, turned looſe into the wide world, without one faithful friend to give them advice; left to find their own way in a dark and rugged wilderneſs, with ſnares, and quickſands, and chaſms, around them. Be candid therefore, and, among all the improvements of education and refinements of manners,

ners, let the beautiful Chriſtian graces of Meekneſs and Benevolence ſhine moſt conſpicuous. Wherever you can —relieve diſtreſs—prevent miſchief—and do good;—but be neither oſtentatious, nor cenſorious.

"Be cheerful, and gratefully enjoy the good which Providence has beſtowed upon you. But be moderate. Moderation is the law of enjoyment. All beyond is nominal pleaſure and real pain.

"I will not multiply my precepts. Chooſe good books and follow their direction. Adopt religious, virtuous, manly principles. Fix them deeply in your boſom, and let them go with you unlooſened and unaltered to the grave.

"If you follow ſuch advice as, from the pure motive of ſerving you moſt eſſentially, I have given you, I will not indeed promiſe that you ſhall not be unfortunate, according to the common idea of the word; but I will confidently aſſure you, that you ſhall not be unhappy. I will not promiſe you worldly ſucceſs, but I will engage that you ſhall deſerve it, and ſhall know how to bear the want of it.

On CRUELTY to INFERIOR ANIMALS.

MAN is that link of the chain of univerſal exiſtence, by which ſpiritual and corporeal beings are united: as the numbers and variety of the latter his inferiors are almoſt infinite, ſo probably are thoſe of the former his ſuperiors; and as we ſee that the lives and happineſs of thoſe below us are dependent on our wills, we may reaſonably conclude, that our lives and happineſs are equally dependent on the wills of thoſe above us; accountable, like ourſelves, for the uſe of this power, to the Supreme Creator, and Governor of all things. Should this analogy be well founded, how criminal will our account appear, when laid before that juſt and impartial Judge! How will man, that ſanguinary tyrant, be able to excuſe himſelf from the charge of thoſe innumerable cruelties inflicted on his unoffending ſubjects committed to his care, formed for his benefit, and placed under his authority by their common Father? whoſe

whoſe mercy is over all his works, and who expects that this authority ſhould be exerciſed not only with tenderneſs and mercy, but in conformity to the laws of juſtice and gratitude.

But to what horrid deviations from theſe benevolent intentions are we daily witneſſes! no ſmall part of mankind derive their chief amuſements from the deaths and ſufferings of inferior animals; a much greater, conſider them only as engines of wood, or iron, uſeful in their ſeveral occupations. The carman drives his horſe, and the carpenter his nail, by repeated blows; and ſo long as theſe produce the deſired effect, and they both go, they neither reflect or care whether either of them have any ſenſe of feeling. The butcher knocks down the ſtately ox, with no more compaſſion than the blackſmith hammers a horſe-ſhoe; and plunges his knife into the throat of the innocent lamb, with as little reluctance as the tailor ſticks his needle into the collar of a coat.

If there are ſome few, who, formed in a ſofter mould, view with pity the ſufferings of theſe defenceleſs creatures,

there is ſcarce one who entertains the leaſt idea, that juſtice or gratitude can be due to their merits, or their ſervices. The ſocial and friendly dog is hanged without remorſe, if, by barking in defence of his maſter's perſon and property, he happens unknowingly to diſturb his reſt: the generous horſe, who has carried his ungrateful maſter for many years with eaſe and ſafety, worn out with age and infirmities, contracted in his ſervice, is by him condemned to end is miſerable days in a duſt-cart, where the more he exerts his little remains of ſpirit, the more he is whipped, to ſave his ſtupid driver the trouble of whipping ſome other leſs obedient to the laſh. Sometimes, having been taught the practice of many unnatural and uſeleſs feats in a riding-houſe, he is at laſt turned out, and conſigned to the dominion of a hackney-coachman, by whom he is every day corrected for performing thoſe tricks, which he has learned under ſo long and ſevere a diſcipline. The ſluggiſh bear, in contradiction to his nature, is taught to dance, for the diverſion of a malignant mob, by placing red-hot irons

irons under his feet: and the majeſtic bull is tortured by every mode which malice can invent, for no offence, but that he is gentle, and unwilling to aſſail his diabolical tormentors. Theſe, with innumerable other acts of cruelty, injuſtice, and ingratitude, are every day committed, not only with impunity, but without cenſure, and even without obſervation; but we may be aſſured, that they cannot finally paſs away unnoticed, and unretaliated.

The laws of ſelf-defence undoubtedly juſtify us in deſtroying thoſe animals who would deſtroy us, who injure our properties, or annoy our perſons; but not even theſe, whenever their ſituation incapacitates them from hurting us. I know of no right which we have to ſhoot a bear on an inacceſſible iſland of ice, or an eagle on the mountain's top; whoſe lives cannot injure us, nor deaths procure us any benefit. We are unable to give life, and therefore ought not wantonly to take it away from the meaneſt inſect, without ſufficient reaſon; they all receive it from the ſame benevolent hand as ourſelves, and have therefore an equal right to enjoy it.

THE JOURNEY OF A DAY, A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

OBIDAH, the ſon of Abenſina, left the caravanſera early in the morning, and purſued his journey through the plains of Indoſtan. He was freſh and vigorous with reſt; he was animated with hope; he was incited by deſire; he walked ſwiftly forward over the vallies, and ſaw the hills gradually riſing before him. As he paſſed along, his ears were delighted with the morning ſong of the bird of paradiſe, he was fanned by the laſt flutters of the ſinking breeze, and ſprinkled with dew by groves of ſpices; he ſometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and ſometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primroſe, eldeſt daughter of the ſpring: all his ſenſes were gratified, and all care was baniſhed from his heart.

Thus he went on till the ſun approached his meridian, and the increaſing heat preyed upon his ſtrength; he then looked round about him for ſome more

more commodius path. He ſaw, on his right hand, a grove that ſeemed to wave its ſhades as a ſign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolneſs and verdure irreſiſtably pleaſant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the ſame direction with the main road, and was pleaſed that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleaſure with buſineſs, and to gain the rewards of diligence without ſuffering its fatigues. He therefore ſtill continued to walk for a time, without the leaſt remiſſion of his ardour, except that he was ſometimes tempted to ſtop by the muſic of the birds, whom the heat had aſſembled in the ſhade, and ſometimes amuſed himſelf with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either ſide, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At laſt the green path began to decline from its firſt tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls. Here Obidah pauſed for a time, and began to conſider whether it were longer

longer ſafe to forſake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greateſt violence, and that the plain was duſty and uneven, he reſolved to purſue the new path, which he ſuppoſed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at laſt in the common road.

Having thus calmed his ſolicitude, he renewed his pace, though he ſuſpected that he was not gaining ground. This uneaſineſs of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every ſenſation that might ſooth or divert him. He liſtened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a freſh proſpect, he turned aſide to every caſcade, and pleaſed himſelf with tracing the courſe of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In theſe amuſements the hours paſſed away unaccounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He ſtood penſive and confuſed, afraid to go forward leſt he ſhould go wrong, yet conſcious that the time

of

of loitering was now paſt. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the ſky was overſpread with clouds, the day vaniſhed from before him, and a ſudden tempeſt gathered round his head. He was now rouſed by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now ſaw how happineſs is loſt when eaſe is conſulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to ſeek ſhelter in the grove, and deſpiſed the petty curioſity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now reſolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had paſſed, and try to find ſome iſſue where the wood might open into the plain. He proſtrated himſelf on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He roſe with confidence and tranquillity, and preſſed on with his ſabre in his hand, for the beaſts of the deſart were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and

ravage

ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkneſs and ſolitude ſurrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Work'd into ſudden rage by wintry ſhow'rs,
Down the ſteep hill the roaring torrent pours;
The mountain ſhepherd hears the diſtant noiſe.

Thus forlorn and diſtreſſed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to ſafety or to deſtruction. At length not fear but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew ſhort, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in reſignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admiſſion. The old man ſet before

before him ſuch proviſions as he had collected for himſelf, on which Obidah fed with eagerneſs and gratitude.

When the repaſt was over, 'Tell me,' ſaid the hermit, 'by what chance thou haſt been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderneſs, in which I never ſaw man before.' Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

'Son,' ſaid the hermit, 'let the errors and follies, the dangers and eſcape of this day, ſink deep into thy heart. Remember, my ſon, that human life is the journey of a day. We riſe in the morning of youth, full of vigour and full of expectation; we ſet forward with ſpirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the ſtrait road of piety towards the manſions of reſt. In a ſhort time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find ſome mitigation of our duty, and ſome more eaſy means of obtaining the ſame end. We then relax our vigour, and reſolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a diſtance, but rely upon our own conſtancy, and venture to ap-

proach what we reſolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of eaſe, and repoſe in the ſhades of ſecurity. Here the heart ſoftens, and vigilance ſubſides; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at leaſt, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleaſure. We approach them with ſcruple and heſitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to paſs through them without loſing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our ſight, and to which we propoſe to return. But temptation ſucceeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time loſe the happineſs of innocence, and ſolace our diſquiet with ſenſual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational deſire. We entangle ourſelves in buſineſs, immerge ourſelves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconſtancy till the darkneſs of old age begins to invade us, and diſeaſe and anxiety obſtruct our way. We then look back upon our lives

lives with horror, with ſorrow, with repentance; and wiſh, but too often vainly wiſh, that we had not forſaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my ſon, who ſhall learn from thy example not to deſpair, but ſhall remember, that though the day is paſt, and their ſtrength is waſted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeleſs, nor ſincere endeavours ever unaſſiſted, that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors, and that he who implores ſtrength and courage from above, ſhall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my ſon, to thy repoſe, commit thyſelf to the care of omnipotence, and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life.'

THE PROGRESS OF YOUTH.

THE youth has not yet diſcovered how many evils are continually hovering about us, and, when he is ſet free from the ſhackles of diſcipline,

looks abroad into the world with rapture; he ſees an Elyſian region open before him, ſo variegated with beauty, and ſo ſtored with pleaſure, that his care is rather to accumulate good than to ſhun evil; he ſtands diſtracted by different forms of delight, and has no other doubt than which path to follow of thoſe which all lead equally to the bowers of happineſs.

He who has ſeen only the ſuperficies of life, believes every thing to be what it appears, and rarely ſuſpects that external ſplendour conceals any latent ſorrow or vexation. He never imagines that there may be greatneſs without ſafety, affluence without content, jollity without friendſhip, and ſolitude without peace. He fancies himſelf permitted to cull the bleſſings of every condition, and to leave its inconveniences to the idle and the ignorant. He is inclined to believe no man miſerable but by his own fault; and ſeldom looks with much pity upon failings or miſcarriages, becauſe he thinks them willingly admitted, or negligently incurred.

It is impoſſible without pity and contempt, to hear a youth of generous ſentiments,

ſentiments, and warm imagination, declaring, in the moment of openneſs and confidence, his deſigns and expectations; becauſe long life is poſſible he conſiders it as certain, and therefore promiſes himſelf all the changes of happineſs, and provides gratifications for every deſire.

He is for a time to give himſelf wholly to frolick and diverſion, to range the world in ſearch of pleaſure, to delight every eye, and to gain every heart, and to be celebrated equally for his pleaſing levities and ſolid attainments, his deep reflections and ſporting repartees.

He then elevates his views to nobler enjoyments, and finds all the ſcattered excellences of the female world united in a woman, who prefers his addreſſes to wealth and titles. He is afterwards to engage in buſineſs; to diſſipate difficulty, and overpower oppoſition; to climb by the mere force of merit to fame and greatneſs, and reward all thoſe who countenanced his riſe, or paid due regard to his early excellence. At laſt he will retire in peace and honour, contract his views to domeſtic pleaſures, form the manners of children like himſelf,

ſelf, obſerve how every year expands the beauty of his daughters, and how his ſons catch ardour from their father's hiſtory; he will give laws to the neighbourhood, dictate axioms to poſterity, and leave the world an example of wiſdom and of happineſs.

With hopes like theſe he ſallies jocund into life: to little purpoſe is he told that the condition of humanity admits no pure and unmingled happineſs; that the exuberant gaiety of youth ends in poverty or diſeaſe; that uncommon qualifications, and contrarieties of excellence, produce envy equally with applauſe; that whatever admiration and fondneſs may promiſe him, he muſt marry a wife, like the wives of others, with ſome virtues and ſome faults, and be as often diſguſted with her vices, as delighted by her elegance; that if he adventures into the circle of action, he muſt expect to encounter men as artful, as daring, as reſolute as himſelf; that of his children ſome may be deformed, and others vicious; ſome may diſgrace him by their follies, ſome offend him by their inſolence, and ſome exhauſt him by their profuſion.

profuſion. He hears all this with obſtinate incredulity, and wonders by what malignity old age is influenced, that it cannot forbear to fill his ears with predictions of miſery.

Among other pleaſing errors of young minds is the opinion of their own importance. He that has not yet remarked how little attention his contemporaries can ſpare from their own affairs, conceives all eyes turned upon himſelf, and imagines every one that approaches him to be an enemy or a follower, an admirer or a ſpy. He therefore conſiders his fame as involved in the event of every action. Many of the virtues and vices of youth proceed from this quick ſenſe of reputation. This it is that gives firmneſs and conſtancy, fidelity and diſintereſtedneſs, and it is this that kindles reſentment for ſlight injuries, and dictates all the principles of ſanguinary honour.

But, as time brings him forward into the world, he ſoon diſcovers that he only ſhares fame or reproach with innumerable partners; that he is left unmarked in the obſcurity of the crowd; and that what he does, whether good

or

or bad, ſoon gives way to new objects of regard.

He then eaſily ſets himſelf free from the anxieties of reputation, and conſiders praiſe or cenſure as a tranſient breath, which, while he hears it, is paſſing away, without any laſting miſchief or advantage.

THE STRENGTH OF PARENTAL AFFECTION.

THERE are ſeveral examples in ſtory of tender friendſhips formed betwixt men, who knew not of their near relation. Such accounts confirm me in an opinion I have long entertained, that there is a ſympathy betwixt ſouls, which cannot be explained by the prejudice of education, the ſenſe of duty, or any other human motive.

The memoirs of a certain French nobleman, furniſh me with a very entertaining inſtance of this ſecret attraction, implanted by Providence in the human ſoul. It will be neceſſary to inform the reader, that the perſon, whoſe ſtory

ſtory I am going to relate, was one whoſe roving and romantic temper, joined to a diſpoſition ſingularly amorous, had led him through a vaſt variety of gallantries and amours. He had, in his youth, attended a Princeſs of France into Poland, where he had been entertained by the King her huſband, and married the daughter of a grandee. Upon her death he returned into his native country; where his intrigues and other misfortunes having conſumed his paternal eſtate, he now went to take care of the fortune his deceaſed wife had left him in Poland. In his journey he was robbed before he reached Warſaw, and lay ill of a fever, when he met with the following adventure; which I ſhall relate in his own words.

"I had been in this condition for four days, when the counteſs of Venoſki paſſed that way. She was informed that a ſtranger of good faſhion lay ſick, and her charity led her to ſee me. I remembered her, for I had often ſeen her with my wife, to whom ſhe was nearly related; but when I found ſhe knew me not, I thought fit to conceal my name. I told her I was a German; that I had been

been robbed; and that if ſhe had the charity to ſend me to Warſaw, the queen would acknowledge it; I having the honour to be known to her Majeſty. The counteſs had the goodneſs to take compaſſion of me, and ordering me to be put in a litter, carried me to Warſaw, where I was lodged in her houſe until my health ſhould allow me to wait on the queen.

"My fever increaſed after my journey was over, and I was confined to my bed for fifteen days. When the counteſs firſt ſaw me, ſhe had a young lady with her, about eighteen years of age, who was much taller and better ſhaped than the Poliſh women generally are. She was very fair, her ſkin exceedingly fine, and her air and ſhape inexpreſſibly beautiful. I was not ſo ſick as to overlook this young beauty; and I felt in my heart ſuch emotions at the firſt view, as made me fear that all my misfortunes had not armed me ſufficiently againſt the charms of the fair ſex.

"The amiable creature ſeemed afflicted at my ſickneſs; and ſhe appeared to have ſo much concern and care for me, as raiſed in me a great inclination and

and tenderneſs for her. She came every day into my chamber to inquire after my health; I aſked who ſhe was, and I was anſwered, that ſhe was neice to the counteſs of Venoſki.

"I verily believe that the conſtant ſight of this charming maid, and the pleaſure I received from her careful attendance, contributed more to my recovery than all the medicines the phyſicians gave me. In ſhort, my fever left me, and I had the ſatisfaction to ſee the lovely creature overjoyed at my recovery. She came to ſee me oftener as I grew better; and I already felt a ſtronger and more tender affection for her, than I ever bore to any woman in my life: when I began to perceive that her conſtant care of me was only a blind, to give her an opportunity of ſeeing a young Pole whom I took to be her lover. He ſeemed to be much about her age, of a brown complexion, very tall, but finely ſhaped. Every time ſhe came to ſee me, the young gentleman came to find her out; and they uſually retired to a corner of the chamber, where they ſeemed to converſe with great earneſtneſs. The aſpect

aſpect of the youth pleaſed me wonderfully; and if I had not ſuſpected that he was my rival, I ſhould have taken delight in his perſon and friendſhip.

They both of them often aſked me if I were in reality a German; which when I continued to affirm, they ſeemed very much troubled. One day I took notice that the young lady and gentleman, having retired to a window, were very intent upon a picture; and that every now and then they caſt their eyes upon me, as if they had found ſome reſemblance betwixt that and my features. I could not forbear to aſk the meaning of it; upon which the lady anſwered, that if I had been a Frenchman, ſhe would have imagined that I was the perſon for whom the picture was drawn, becauſe it ſo exactly reſembled me. I deſired to ſee it. But how great was my ſurpriſe! when I found it to be the very painting, which I had ſent to the queen five years before, and which ſhe commanded me to get drawn to be given to my children. After I had viewed the piece, I caſt my eyes upon the young lady, and then upon the gentleman I had thought to be

be her lover. My heart beat, and I felt a ſecret emotion which filled me with wonder. I thought I traced in the two young perſons ſome of my own features, and at that moment I ſaid to myſelf, Are not theſe my children? The tears came into my eyes, and I was about to run and embrace them; but conſtraining myſelf with pain, I aſked whoſe picture it was? The maid, perceiving that I could not ſpeak without tears, fell a weeping. Her tears abſolutely confirmed me in my opinion, and falling upon her neck, 'Ah my dear 'child, ſaid I, yes, I am your father.' I could ſay no more. The youth ſeized my hands at the ſame time, and kiſſing, bathed them with his tears. Throughout my life, I never felt a joy equal to this; and it muſt be owned, that nature inſpires more lively motions and pleaſing tenderneſs than the paſſions can poſſibly excite.

A NARRATION of a REAL FACT.

A JEWELLER, a man of good character and of conſiderable wealth, having occaſion, in the way of buſineſs, to travel at ſome diſtance from the place of his abode, took along with him a ſervant, to take care of his portmanteau. He had along with him ſome of his beſt jewels, and a large ſum of money, to which his ſervant was likewiſe privy. The maſter having occaſion to diſmount on the road, the ſervant watched his opportunity, took a piſtol from his maſter's ſaddle, and ſhot him dead on the ſpot: then rifling him of his jewels and money, and hanging a large ſtone to his neck, he threw him into the neareſt canal. With this booty he made off to a diſtant part of the country, where he had reaſon to believe that neither he nor his maſter were known. There he began to trade in a very low way at firſt, that his obſcurity might ſcreen him from obſervation; and, in the courſe of a good many years, ſeemed to riſe, by the natural progreſs

progreſs of buſineſs, into wealth and conſideration; ſo that his good fortune appeared at once the effect and reward of his induſtry and virtue. Of theſe he counterfeited the appearances ſo well, that he grew into great credit, married into a good family, and by laying out his hidden ſtores diſcreetly as he ſaw occaſion, and joining to all an univerſal affability, he was admitted to a ſhare of the government of the town, and roſe from one poſt to another, until at length he was choſen chief magiſtrate.

In this office he maintained a fair character, and continued to fill it with no ſmall applauſe, both as a governor and a judge; until one day, as he ſat on the bench with ſome of his brethren, a criminal was brought before them, who was accuſed of having murdered his maſter. The evidence came out full, the jury brought in their verdict that the priſoner was guilty, and the whole aſſembly waited the ſentence of the preſident of the court (which he happened to be that day) with great ſuſpenſe. Mean while he appeared to be in an unuſual diſorder and agitation

of mind, his colour changed often; at length he roſe from his ſeat, and coming down from the bench, placed himſelf juſt by the unfortunate man at the bar, to the no ſmall aſtoniſhment of all preſent. "You ſee before you," ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to thoſe who had ſat on the bench with him, "a ſtriking "inſtance of the juſt awards of Heaven, "which this day, after thirty years con-"cealment, preſents to you a greater "criminal than the man juſt now found "guilty." Then he made an ample confeſſion of his guilt, and of all its aggravations, particularly the ingratitude of it to a maſter who had raiſed him from the very duſt, and repoſed a peculiar confidence in him; and told them in what manner he had hitherto ſcreened himſelf from public juſtice, and how he had eſcaped the obſervation of mankind by the ſpecious maſk he had wore. "But now," added he, "no "ſooner did this unhappy priſoner ap-"pear before us, charged with the ſame "crime I was conſcious of myſelf, than "the cruel circumſtances of my guilt "beſet me in all their horror, the ar-"rows of the Almighty ſtuck faſt with-

"in

"in me, and my own crime appeared "ſo atrocious, that I could not conſent "to paſs ſentence againſt my fellow-"criminal, until I had firſt impannelled "and accuſed myſelf. Nor can I now "feel any relief from the agonies of an "awakened conſcience, but by requir-"ing that juſtice may be forthwith "done againſt me in the moſt public "and ſolemn manner, for ſo aggravated "a parracide; therefore, in the pre-"ſence of the all-ſeeing God, the great "Witneſs and Judge of my crime, and "before this whole aſſembly, who have "been the witneſſes of my hypocriſy, "I plead guilty, and require ſentence "may be paſſed againſt me as a moſt "notorious malefactor." We may eaſily ſuppoſe the amazement of all the aſſembly, and eſpecially of his fellow-judges: however, they proceeded, upon his confeſſion, to paſs ſentence upon him, and he died with all the ſymptoms of a penitent mind.——An examplary inſtance of the fatal effects of an exorbitant paſſion, and the tremendous juſtice of Providence in detecting one of the moſt cool and artful villains, after ſuch a long concealment!

The SHIPWRECK.

THE ſhip Bouevia, of London, burthen about 250 tons, Captain Brooks, Commander; ſet ſail from the coaſt of Holland on the 25th of November, 1724, having two pilots, the one Engliſh and the other Dutch; his Wife was alſo on board with him.

The day had been fair and clear, but in the evening about ſix, it blew hard at South and by Weſt. The gale increaſed into a violent ſtorm, and continued for about ſeven hours, veering to the Weſt, and North and by Weſt, during which the ſhip was ſtranded off Enchuyſen, in the Texel.

In order to ſave themſelves, if poſſible, the men all got into the long-boat, and were juſt ready to put off, but not having their Captain among them, they called to haſten him down, as the ſea ran ſo high that it broke over the boat, and indangered her beating to pieces againſt the ſide of the ſtranded veſſel; the Captain, in this nice and perilous point of time, recollecting that his Wife was ſea-ſick in the cabin, could

could not bear the ungenerous thought of endeavouring to ſave himſelf without her, and was earneſtly labouring to bring her along with him; but ſhe, who had heard the men cry out that the boat would ſink under the weight of two perſons more, embraced him paſſionately, and refuſed to go. She wept and told him, in the moſt moving manner, that a woman in ſuch an extremity, would prove a dangerous incumbrance. She implored him not to think of dividing his care, but to employ it all for the preſervation of his ſingle life, much dearer to her than her own was.

For ſome time he preſſed her in vain, but at laſt prevailed with her to come up with him upon deck, where the firſt obſervation they made was, that the boat was out of ſight; having been beaten off by the force of the ſwell that roſe between her and the veſſel.

He was gazing ſpeechleſs on her face, in a deſpair which he found no words to utter, when a billow breaking over the midſhip, waſhed him headlong into the ſea, and left her ſhrieking and alone behind him, in a condition ſo far leſs ſupportable than his, that, after a ſucceſſion

ceſſion of the bittereſt outcries, ſhe fell forward in a ſwoon, and ſunk ſenſeleſs after him.

The boat, in the mean time, endeavoured to return to the ſhip, and paſſing providentally near their Captain, who was yet faintly ſwimming, the men diſcerned him in the ſea, and took him up quite ſpent and ſpeechleſs; in this condition they laid him in the bottom of the boat, and coming along the ſhip's ſide, one of the ſailors looking up ſaw ſomething like a woman, with her arms and cloaths entangled in the ſhrouds: this was the Captain's Wife, who, in the moment of her falling forward, had been ſaved and ſupported againſt that part of the rigging. She was ſtill in a ſwoon and inſenſible, but ſo beloved by the mariners, that they redoubled their efforts to get on board, that they might have it in their power to ſave her. They were ſo fortunate in their humanity, that they found means to liſt her into the boat, where they laid her, dead to all appearance, by her huſband, who was in the ſame condition.

They

They put off again, and with great difficulty got aſhore upon one of the iſlands in the Texel, where the Captain coming to himſelf told his men, that they would have done more kindly had they let him periſh in the ſea; ſince the life they had forced upon him muſt for ever be imbittered, by the memory of her unhappy end, for whoſe ſake only he had thought it worth wiſhing for.—His Wife was now recovering, and near enough to hear and anſwer this noble inſtance of his tenderneſs.—They flew, aſtoniſhed, and quite loſt in extacy, into each other's arms.—And it is eaſier to imagine than deſcribe, what they thought and ſaid on ſo tranſporting an occaſion.

Let me only add, that this relation was faithfully taken from the mouth of a gentleman, who was an eye-witneſs of the miraculous and providential particulars.

THE

THE STORY OF THE EREMITE.

A CERTAIN Eremite having conceived great jealouſies touching the due adminiſtration of Divine Providence in external occurrences in the world, in this anxiety of mind was reſolved to leave his cell and travel abroad, and ſee with his own eyes how things went in the world. He had not gone half a day's journey, before a young man overtook him and joined company with him, and inſinuated himſelf ſo far into the Eremite's affection, that he thought himſelf very happy he had got ſo agreeable a companion; wherefore, reſolving to take their fortunes together, they always lodged in the ſame houſe. Some few days travels had paſt before the Eremite took notice of any thing remarkable; but at laſt he obſerved that his fellow-traveller, with whom he had contracted ſo intimate a friendſhip, in a houſe where they were extraordinary well treated, ſtole a gilt cup from the gentleman of the houſe, and carried it away with him. The Eremite was very

very much aſtoniſhed with what he ſaw done by ſo fair and agreeable a perſon as he conceived him to be; but thought not yet fit to ſpeak, or ſeem to take any notice of it: and therefore they travelled on together as before, until night forced them to ſeek lodging. They now came to a houſe which had a very unhoſpitable owner, who ſhut them into the outward court, and expoſed them all night to the injury of the open weather, which chanced then to be very rainy: but the Eremite's fellow-traveller unexpectedly compenſated his hoſt's ill entertainment, with no meaner a reward than the gilt cup he had carried away from the former place, thruſting it in at the window when they departed. This pleaſed the Eremite much, and he now thought that it was not covetouſneſs, but humour, that made him take it from its firſt owner. The next night, where they lodged, they were treated again with great kindneſs and civility; but the Eremite obſerved with horror, that his fellow-traveller, for an ill requital, ſtrangled privately a young child of their ſo courteous hoſt in the cradle. This perplexed the mind of the

the poor Eremite very much; but in ſadneſs and patience forbearing to ſpeak, he travelled another day's journey with the young man, and at evening took up in a place where they met with a kinder reception than any where before; and becauſe the way they were to travel the next morning was not ſo eaſy to find, the maſter of the houſe commanded one of his ſervants to go part of the way to direct them; whom, while they were paſſing over a ſtone bridge, the Eremite's fellow-traveller caught ſuddenly, and pitched him headlong from off the bridge into the river, and drowned him. Here the Eremite could have no longer patience, but flew bitterly upon his fellow-traveller for theſe barbarous actions, and renounced all friendſhip with him, and would travel with him no longer, nor keep him company. Whereupon the young man, ſmiling at the honeſt zeal of the Eremite, and putting off his mortal diſguiſe, appeared, as he was, in the form and luſtre of an angel of God, and told him that he was ſent to eaſe his mind of the great anxiety it was incumbered with touching the

Divine

Divine Providence; in which, ſaid he, nothing can occur more perplexing and paradoxical than what you have been offended at, ſince we two travelled together. But yet I will demonſtrate to you, ſaid he, that all I have done is very juſt and right: as for that firſt man from whom I took the gilded cup, it was a real compenſation indeed of his hoſpitality, that cup being ſo forcible an occaſion of the good man's diſtempering himſelf, and of hazarding his health and life, which would be a great loſs to his poor neighbours, he being of ſo good and charitable a nature. But I put it into the window of that harſh and unhoſpitable man that uſed us ſo ill, not as a booty, but as a plague and ſcourge to him, and for an eaſe to his oppreſſed neighbours, that he may fall into intemperance, diſeaſes, and death itſelf; for I knew very well that there was that inchantment in this cup, that they that had it would be thus bewitched with it. And as for that civil perſon, whoſe child I ſtrangled in the cradle, it was in great mercy to him, and no real hurt to the child, who is now with God: but if

that child had lived, whereas this gentleman hitherto had been piouſly, charitably, and devoutly given, his mind, I ſaw, would have unavoidably ſunk into the love of the world out of love to his child, he having had none before, and doting ſo hugely on it; and therefore I took away this momentary life from the body of the child, that the ſoul of the father might live for ever, And for this laſt fact, which you ſo much abhor, it was the moſt faithful piece of gratitude I could do to one that had uſed us ſo humanely and kindly as that gentleman did; for this man, who, by the appointment of his maſter, was ſo officious to us as to ſhew us the way, intended this very night enſuing to let a company of rogues into his maſter's houſe, to rob him of all that he had, if not to murder him and his family. And having ſaid thus, he vaniſhed. But the poor Eremite tranſported with joy and amazement, lift up his hands and eyes to heaven, and gave glory to God, who had thus unexpectedly delivered him from any further anxiety touching the ways of his providence; and thus returned with cheer-

cheerfulneſs to his forſaken cell, and ſpent the reſidue of his days in piety and peace.

ORMAH;

AN EASTERN TALE.

ORMAH, the ſon of Coulor, the ſovereign of nations, was very early one of the moſt accompliſhed young men of the Eaſt: he was born to the expectation of wealth, and the exerciſe of power; but his heart was ſoon elated with the conſciouſneſs of rank, and the pageantry of ſhew; and he forgot that authority is no longer deſirable than while it is obeyed through love; and that no ſtate is leſs enviable, than that which excites at once fear and contempt.

No ſooner was he ſeated on the throne of his paternal dominions, than he aſſumed an air very different from that which is the reſult of true dignity. His commands were delivered in menaces rather than in words, his edicts were

thundered with the awe of irrevocable ſeverity, and every appearance he made in public was only a prelude to violence, rapine, and murder.

Reſtrained by no ideas of juſtice, and controuled by no advice, he ſought for gratification only from the diſplay of arbitrary power, and dreaded nothing ſo much as the imputation of puſillanimity and irreſolution. The prime-vizier was diſgraced and baniſhed, for daring to open his lips in defence of an innocent perſon, whom Ormah had condemned to death, without offering even a ſhadow of reaſon for the ſeverity of ſuch a decree; and every good, and every conſcientious man, under his government, either deplored in private the miſery of his ſituation, or met inevitable fate in daring to oppoſe it. Such was the unhappy diſpoſition of the ſovereign, whom Providence had placed at the head of millions of ſubjects, that in a few years after his aſſuming the reins of government, he had not a man in his dominions whoſe heart was warm in his intereſt through love, or attached to his perſon through gratitude. His palace was only filled with

with the abandoned miniſters of his vengeance, and the abjects vaſſals of his power. He beheld with horror the deſertion of his court, and uttered menaces of revenge, and denunciations of the ſevereſt wrath, at being prevented from the exerciſe of his former power; and as ſovereign ſway was in his eſtimation of no value, without being diſplayed in acts of tyranny and deſpotiſm, he iſſued an order for every miniſter under his government, to attend his perſon on an appointed day, on pain of the utmoſt ſeverity that offended majeſty could inflict. The orders at firſt were heard with terror; and irreſolution ſeized on every dependant on the throne. In a ſhort time the conſternation which they had occaſioned ſunk into ſettled deliberation, and as the tranſition from fear to hate is only a natural conſequence, a conſpiracy was formed againſt the Sultan Ormah, and reſiſtance to his commands reſolved on by the unanimous concurrence of thouſands whom only the fame of his cruelty had yet reached. To ſtrengthen their hands, and enſure ſucceſs to their undertakings, they applied to a neigh-

neighbouring prince to eſpouſe their cauſe, and to lead them on to deliverance or death. Between regal powers, jealouſy and ſecret hate generally ſubſiſt: an occaſion to weaken or to enſnare one another will always be eagerly ſought; and honour, which ought to be more ſacred, and more binding in the higher ranks of life, will be often ſacrificed to party revenge, perſonal pique, or ſelfiſh and intereſted views.

His neighbour Abdallah thought this a valuable opportunity of aggrandizing his power, and extending his dominions. He embraced with eagerneſs the execution of the plan which was offered to him; and before Ormah could be apprized of the revolt of his ſubjects, he had marched an army of a hundred thouſand men into the heart of his kingdom. The ſervile attendants on the perſon of Ormah dreaded to inform him of an event ſo fatal to his authority and ſo dangerous to his perſon; and although rumours were ſpread abroad over all the imperial city and palace, that a conſpiracy was formed, and ripe for execution, they tried to amuſe him with a belief that theſe reports

ports were groundleſs, and that they were well aſſured he might expect to ſee his officers appear on the day appointed for their attendance, to court his ſmiles, and acknowledge an implicit obedience to his will.

Mankind are eaſily induced to believe what they wiſh. The weary traveller of the deſart thinks at the utmoſt extent of viſion he can diſcover the riſing grove, or the winding ſtream: he proceeds in his journey, and is diſappointed; yet hope again relieves him, and amuſes him with ſurer belief. Such was the mind of Ormah: he could not ſhut his ears againſt the voice of truth, and the warnings of approaching danger; but he endeavoured to ſuppreſs their operations, by indulging the deluſions of hope; and reſted his confidence, when he could no longer exert his power, on thoſe whom he only regarded as the ſlaves of his will; and who, in their turns, deſpiſed him, as the object of their terror. Abdallah, by haſty marches, in a few days reached the capital; and Ormah, in confuſion and deſpair, the very morning on which he expected to receive the homage of his

his ſubjects, and the adulation of his court, ſaw it compleatly inveſted. A heart conſcious of its own demerits, on ſuch an occaſion muſt ſuffer every pang. Bravery never aſſociates with cruelty, nor can reſolution be united to tyrannic oppreſſion. Ormah neither tried to divert the ſtorm by activity, nor to combat it with compoſure. He neither expoſtulated with his attendants, who were about to deſert him, for their deceit, nor did he conſult with them how to act: he was diſtracted, and unreſolved. He knew that his commands would carry no weight with them; that it was in vain to attempt to arm men who owed him neither allegiance nor regard. He ran raving round his palace; and bewailed his fate, with expreſſions which denoted the moſt abject debaſement of mind: at laſt he reſolved to change his dreſs, and to attempt his eſcape. Without making a ſingle perſon privy to his deſign, he ſallied out of his palace in the habit of a peaſant; and, by the inſignificance of his appearance, attracted no notice, and underwent no examination from the ſoldiers of his enemy, through whoſe ranks

ranks he was obliged to paſs. Without any particular road in view, he travelled on with the utmoſt ſpeed, till the darkneſs and fatigue obliged him to look about for a place to reſt in. As fearful of ſeeing the face of a ſubject as of an enemy, he ſtudiouſly avoided their dwellings; and ſubſiſted on the ſpontaneous produce of the earth, which luxury had before taught him to deſpiſe, but were now rendered delicious by neceſſity. To exceed the bounds of his own dominions was his only fixed object.

For many days he allowed himſelf but a ſhort time for reſt; till at length, certain that he muſt have far exceeded the limits of the kingdoms he had once ruled, and at the ſame time being exhauſted with unremitted fatigue, he made up to a cave which he ſaw on the ſide of a verdant hill over which he was travelling. He found it by nature formed for as a convenient retreat to conceal miſery and fallen power, and there he determined to take up his abode. The herbs and the roots which the vicinity of the cave afforded, ſupplied him with food; and a cryſtal

ſpring

ſpring at a ſmall diſtance ſlaked his thirſt. In ſuch a ſituation, the paſſions of malevolence could not be exerciſed, nor the heart elated with pageantry and grandeur. The mind of Ormah retired within itſelf; he ſaw its deformity, and bluſhed: he thought of the power he had loſt, and acknowledged the juſtice of the Eternal. He beheld, in its proper light, the nature of that authority he had been born to, and with the deepeſt humility confeſſed the unworthy uſe he had made of it; and though he knew it was now too late either to prove the ſincerity of his reformation, or atone for the tyranny of his oppreſſion, yet he reſolved, by a life of auſterity, and the ſervice of Alla, to ſhew his contrition, and to regain the favour of Heaven.

For ſeveral years he continued in the practice of every religious duty, and the mortifications of every luſt. The riſing ſun heard his ſupplications to the Prophet, and the twinkling ſtars of night bore witneſs to his contrition.

One morning, as he roſe unuſually early, and was offering up his adorations with all the fervour of penitential devotion;

votion; on a ſudden, an old man, of a venerable appearance, whoſe ſilver beard deſcended far on his breaſt, ſtood before the aſtoniſhed Ormah, and thus addreſſed him:

'Son of the duſt! though born to 'the ſovereignty of nations, the Pro-'phet has ſeen your contrition, and 'has accepted your prayers. You have 'found the fallacy of the maxims by 'which you formerly ruled, and expe-'rience will teach you wiſdom. Your 'neighbour Abdallah, after uſurping 'your government, and committing a 'ſeries of cruelties, in which he but 'too nearly reſembled yourſelf, is now 'removed to the banks of the eternal 'ſtream; and the chiefs of your domi-'nions are earneſt in their enquires 'after you, that the crown may not 'deſcend to the family of the uſurper, 'but ſtill remain in the regal line of 'your anceſtors. I will conduct you 'this inſtant to your palace, and re-'place you on your throne.'

Before the confounded Ormah could make any reply, he found himſelf ſeated on a ſofa in the midſt of his palace, and ſurrounded by his nobles, whom his

his venerable companion thus addreſſed: 'Behold, in your ſovereign Ormah, a memorable inſtance of the juſtice of the Eternal, and of the omnipotence of his power! He has been tried and approved by the immortal Alla, and will be no longer your tyrant, but your father.'—Then turning to Ormah, 'Remember,' ſaid he, 'and let it be engraved upon the crown of every monarch upon earth, that government is only a power delegated for the happineſs of mankind; and, to that end, muſt be conducted by wiſdom, juſtice, and mercy.'

With theſe words he diſappeared, and left Ormah and his nobles in mutual wonder and awe. He was immediately acknowledged by all his ſubjects; and, at their earneſt requeſt, took upon him the exerciſe of power, and the reins of government: and, by a faithful obſervance of the maxims of his venerable inſtructor, endeared himſelf not only to his own ſubjects, but to thoſe of kingdoms very remote. Yet amidſt the applauſe he received, and continued to deſerve, he ſcrupled not to acknowledge that his hours of ſolitude and

and humiliation were the moſt glorious parts of his life, ſince in them he had learned to know himſelf, and to be ſerviceable to mankind. After many happy years, he died univerſally lamented and reſpected; his body was embalmed and placed in the tomb of his anceſtors; and the name of Ormah is ſtill famous in the Eaſt, and never mentioned but with reſpect, veneration, and regret.

ON THE LOVE OF LIFE.

AGE, that leſſens the enjoyment of life, encreaſes our deſire of living. Thoſe dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to deſpiſe, aſſume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution encreaſing as our years encreaſe, fear becomes at laſt the prevailing paſſion of the mind; and the ſmall remainder of life is taken up in uſeleſs efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued exiſtence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wiſe are liable! If I ſhould judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already ſeen, the proſpect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my paſt enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and ſenſation aſſures me, that thoſe I have felt are ſtronger than thoſe which are yet to come. Yet experience and ſenſation in vain perſuade; hope, more powerful than either, dreſſes out the diſtant proſpect in fancied beauty; ſome happineſs, in long perſpective, ſtill beckons me to purſue; and, like a loſing gameſter, every new diſappointment encreaſes my ardour to continue the game.

Whence then is this encreaſed love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preſerve our exiſtence, at a period when it becomes ſcarce worth the keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to the preſervation of mankind, encreaſes our wiſhes to live, while ſhe leſſens our enjoyments; and, as ſhe robs the ſenſes of every pleaſure, equips imagination in the ſpoils? Life would

would be inſupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberleſs calamities of decaying nature, and the conſciouſneſs of ſurviving every pleaſure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the ſcene of miſery; but happily the contempt of death forſakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us encreaſes, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not chuſe," ſays a French philoſopher, "to ſee an old poſt pulled "up, with which I had been long ac-"quainted." A mind long habituated to a certain ſet of objects, inſenſibly becomes fond of ſeeing them; viſits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance: from hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of poſſeſſion, they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not becauſe it gives them pleaſure, but becauſe they have known it long.

Chinvang the Chaſte, aſcending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjuſtly detained in priſon, during the preceding reigns, ſhould be ſet free. Among the number who came to thank their deliver on this occaſion, there appeared a majeſtic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addreſſed him as follows: "Great fa-
"ther of China, behold a wretch, now
"eighty-five years old, who was ſhut
"up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-
"two. I was impriſoned, though a
"ſtranger to the crime, or without be-
"ing even confronted by my accuſers.
"I have now lived in ſolitude and dark-
"neſs for more than fifty years, and
"am grown familiar with diſtreſs. As
"yet dazzled with the ſplendour of
"that ſun to which you have reſtored
"me, I have been wandering the ſtreets
"to find out ſome friend that would
"aſſiſt, or relieve, or remember me;
"but my friends, my family, and rela-
"lations, are all dead, and I am for-
"gotten. Permit me then, O Chinvang,
"to wear out the wretched remains of
"life in my former priſon; the walls
"of my dungeon are to me more
"pleaſing

"pleaſing than the moſt ſplendid pa-
"lace: I have not long to live, and
"ſhall be unhappy except I ſpend the
"reſt of my days where my youth was
"paſſed; in that priſon from whence
"you were pleaſed to releaſe me."

The old man's paſſion for confinement is ſimilar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the priſon, we look round with diſcontent, are diſpleaſed with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only encreaſes our fondneſs for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houſes we have built, or the poſterity we have begotten, all ſerve to bind us cloſer to the earth, and embitter our parting. Life ſues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhauſted, is at once inſtructive and amuſing; its company pleaſes, yet, for all this, it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jeſts have been anticipated in former converſation; it has no new ſtory to make us ſmile, no new improvement with which to ſurpriſe, yet ſtill we love it; deſtitute of every enjoyment, ſtill we love it; huſband

the waſting treaſure with encreaſing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguiſh in the fatal ſeparation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, ſincere, brave, an Engliſhman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his maſter, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treaſures before him, and promiſed a long ſucceſſion of happineſs. He came, taſted of the entertainment, but was diſguſted even at the beginning. He profeſſed an averſion to living; was tired of walking round the ſame circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life "be, in youth, ſo diſpleaſing," cried he to himſelf, "what will it appear "when age comes on? if it be at pre-"ſent indifferent, ſure it will then be "execrable!" This thought embittered every reflection; till, at laſt, with all the ſerenity of perverted reaſon, he ended the debate with a piſtol! Had this ſelf-deluded man been appriſed, that exiſtence grows more deſirable to us the longer we exiſt, he would have then faced old age without ſhrinking; he

he would have boldly dared to live; and ſerved that ſociety by his future aſſiduity, which he baſely injured by his deſertion.

MERCY RECOMMENDED.

MY uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage,—where juſt occaſions preſented, or called it forth,—I know no man under whoſe arm I would ſooner have taken ſhelter;—nor did this ariſe from any inſenſibility or obtuſeneſs of his intellectual parts;——he was of a peaceful, placid nature,——no jarring element in it,——all was mixed up ſo kindly within him; my uncle Toby had ſcarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly:——Go,—ſays he one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his noſe, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time,——and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at laſt—as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, ſays my uncle Toby, riſing from his chair, and going acroſs the

the room, with the fly in his hand,—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go, ſays he, lifting up the ſaſh, and opening his hand as he ſpoke, to let it eſcape:—go, poor devil,—get thee gone, why ſhould I hurt thee?—This world ſurely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

*** This is to ſerve for parents and governors inſtead of a whole volume upon the ſubject.

DETACHED SENTENCES.

TO be ever active in laudable purſuits, is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of a man of merit.

There is an heroic innocence, as well as an heroic courage.

There is a mean in all things. Even virtue itſelf hath its ſtated limits; which not being ſtrictly obſerved, it ceaſes to be virtue.

It is wiſer to prevent a quarrel beforehand, than to revenge it afterwards.

The diſcretion of a man deferreth his anger, and it is his glory to paſs over a tranſgreſſion.

It

It is much better to reprove, than to be angry ſecretly.

No revenge is more heroic, than that which torments envy by doing good.

Money, like manure, does no good till it is ſpread, There is no real uſe of riches, except in the diſtribution; the reſt is all conceit.

A wiſe man will deſire no more than what he may get juſtly, uſe ſoberly, diſtribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.

A contented mind and a good conſcience, will make a man happy in all conditions. He knows not how to fear, who dares to die.

There is but one way of fortifying the ſoul againſt all gloomy preſages and terrors of mind; and that is, by ſecuring to ourſelves the friendſhip and protection of that Being, who diſpoſes of events, and governs futurity.

Philoſophy is then only valuable, when it ſerves for the law of life, and not for the oſtentation of ſcience.

Without a friend, the world is but a wilderneſs.

Proſperity gains friends, and adverſity tries them.

A man

A man may have a thouſand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all. If you have one friend, think yourſelf happy.

When once you profeſs yourſelf a friend, endeavour to be always ſuch. He can never have any true friends, that will be often changing them.

Nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handſome addreſs, and graceful converſation.

Complaiſance renders a ſuperior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

Exceſs of ceremony ſhews want of breeding. That civility is beſt, which excludes all ſuperfluous formality.

Ingratitude is a crime ſo ſhameful, that the man was never yet found, who would acknowledge himſelf guilty of it.

Truth is born with us; and we muſt do violence to nature, to ſhake off our veracity.

There cannot be a greater treachery, than firſt to raiſe a confidence, and then deceive it.

No man hath a thorough taſte of proſperity, to whom adverſity never happened.

By

By other's faults wiſe men correct their own.

When our vices leave us, we flatter ourſelves that we leave them.

It is as great a point of wiſdom to hide ignorance, as to diſcover knowledge.

Pitch upon that courſe of life which is the moſt excellent; and habit will render it the moſt delightful.

Cuſtom is the plague of wiſe men, and the idol of fools.

As, to be perfectly juſt, is an attribute of the Divine nature; to be ſo to the utmoſt of our abilities, is the glory of man.

No man was ever caſt down with the injuries of fortune, unleſs he had before ſuffered himſelf to be deceived by her favours.

Anger may glance into the breaſt of a wiſe man, but reſts only in the boſom of fools.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in paſſing it over he is ſuperior.

He who wants good ſenſe is unhappy in having learning; for he has thereby more ways of expoſing himſelf.

To

To err is human, to forgive, divine.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man, than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindneſs ſhould begin on ours.

It is ungenerous to give a man occaſion to bluſh at his own ignorance in one thing, who perhaps may excel us in many.

Oeconomy is no diſgrace; it is better living on a little, than outliving a great deal.

A liar begins with making falſehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itſelf appear like falſehood.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generoſity if he were a rich man.

The ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion: And the poor beetle that we tread upon,

In corporal ſufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.

BEAUTIES
IN
VERSE.

HASSAN:
OR, THE
CAMEL-DRIVER.

IN ſilent horror, o'er the boundleſs waſte
The driver, Haſſan, with his camels paſs'd;
One cruiſe of water on his back he bore,
And his light ſcrip contain'd a ſcanty ſtore;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his ſhaded face from ſcorching ſand.
The ſultry ſun had gain'd the middle ſky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beaſts, with pain, their duſty way purſue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With deſperate ſorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice ſigh'd, thrice ſtruck his breaſt, and thus began:
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
Ah! little thought I of the blaſting wind,
The thirſt, or pinching hunger that I find!

Bethink thee, Haſſan, where ſhall thirſt aſſwage,
When fails this cruiſe, his unrelenting rage?
Soon ſhall this ſcrip its precious load reſign;
Then what but tears and hunger ſhall be thine?
Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs, a more than equal ſhare!
Here, where no ſprings in murmurs break away,
Or moſs-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more bleſt, or verdant vales, beſtow:
Here rocks alone, and taſteleſs ſands, are found,
And faint and ſickly winds for ever howl around.
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
Curſt be the gold and ſilver, which perſuade
Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade!
The lilly peace outſhines the ſilver ſtore,
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the deſert brown,
To every diſtant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the ſea:
And are we only yet repair'd by thee?
Ah! why was ruin ſo attractive made,
Or why fond man ſo eaſily betray'd?
Why heed we not, while, mad, we haſte along,
The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleaſure's ſong?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's ſide,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride;
Why think we theſe leſs pleaſing to behold,
Than dreary deſerts, if they lead to gold?
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
O ceaſe, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd ſcenes of woe:
What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft, in the duſt, I view his printed feet:

And,

And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rous'd, he ſcours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and ſullen tygers in his train:
Before them death with ſhrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
At that dead hour the ſilent aſp ſhall creep,
If aught of reſt I find, upon my ſleep:
Or ſome ſwol'n ſerpent twiſt his ſcales around,
And wake to anguiſh with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wiſe, contented poor,
From luſt of wealth, and dread of death, ſecure!
They tempt no deſerts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where Reaſon rules the mind.
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
O hapleſs youth! for ſhe thy love hath won,
The tender Zara, will be moſt undone:
Big ſwell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When faſt ſhe dropt her tears, as thus ſhe ſaid:
"Farewell the youth whom ſighs could not detain,
Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
Yet, as thou go'ſt, may ev'ry blaſt ariſe
Weak and unfelt as theſe rejected ſighs!
Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'ſt thou ſee,
No griefs endure, nor weep, falſe youth, like me."
O let me ſafely to the fair return,
Say, with a kiſs, ſhe muſt not, ſhall not mourn;
O! let me teach my heart to loſe its fears,
Recall'd by Wiſdom's voice, and Zara's tears.
He ſaid, and call'd on Heaven to bleſs the day,
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

DAY: A PASTORAL.

MORNING.

I.

IN the barn the tenant cock,
Close to partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock!)
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

II.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire:
And the peeping sun-beam now
Paints with gold the village spire.

III.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;
And the lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

IV.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
See the twitt'ring swallow spring;
Darting thro' the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

V.

Now the pine-tree's waving top,
Gently greets the morning gale:
Kidlings, now, begin to crop
Daisies, on the dewy dale.

VI.

From the balmy sweet, uncloy'd,
(Restless till her task be done)
Now the busy bee's employ'd
Sipping dew before the sun.

VII. Trickling

VII.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
Where the limpid ſtream diſtils,
Sweet refreſhment waits the flock,
When 'tis ſun-drove from the hills.

VIII.

Colin's for the promis'd corn
(Ere the harveſt hopes are ripe)
Anxious,—whilſt the huntſman's horn,
Boldly ſounding drowns his pipe.

IX.

Sweet,—O ſweet, the warbling throng
On the white embloſſom'd ſpray!
Nature's univerſal ſong
Echos to the riſing day.

N O O N.

X.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood,
Now the noontide radiance glows
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop's left the roſe.

XI.

By the brook the ſhepherd dines,
From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd by the branching pines,
Pendent o'er his graſſy ſeat.

XII.

Now the flock forſakes the glade,
Where uncheck'd the ſun-beams fall;
Sure to find a pleaſing ſhade
By the ivy'd abbey wall.

XIII.

Echo in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock, and hill
Cannot catch a ſingle ſound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

XIV.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the ſtreamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid ſilence ſtand
Midway in the marſhy pool.

XV.

But from mountain, dell, or ſtream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr ſprings:
Fearful leaſt the noontide beam
Scorch its ſoft, its ſilken wings.

XVI.

Not a leaf has leave to ſtir,
Nature's lull'd—ſerene—and ſtill!
Quiet e'en the ſhepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

XVII.

Languid is the landſcape round,
Till the freſh deſcending ſhower,
Grateful to the thirſty ground,
Raiſes ev'ry fainting flower.

XVIII.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
Now the warblers' throats in tune;
Blithſome is the verdant ſcene,
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon!

EVENING.

EVENING.

XIX.

O'ER the heath the heifer ſtrays
Free;—(the furrow'd taſk is done)
Now the village windows blaze,
Burniſh'd by the ſetting ſun.

XX.

Now he ſets behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden ſky;
Can the pencil's mimic ſkill
Copy the refulgent dye?

XXI.

Trudging as the plowmen go,
(To the ſmoaking hamlet bound)
Giant-like their ſhadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

XXII.

Where the riſing foreſt ſpreads
Shelter for the lordly dome,
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home:

XXIII.

As the lark with varied tune,
Carols to the evening loud;
Mark the mild reſplendent moon,
Breaking through a parted cloud!

XXIV.

Now the hermit howlet peeps
From the barn, or twiſted brake;
And the blue miſt ſlowly creeps,
Curling on the ſilver lake.

XXV. As

XXV.

As the trout in ſpeckled pride,
Playful from its boſom ſprings;
To the banks, a ruffled tide
Verges in ſucceſſive rings.

XXVI.

Tripping through the ſilken graſs,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the roſe-complexion'd laſs
With her well-pois'd milking pail.

XXVII.

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckow bird with two,
Tuneing ſweet their mellow throats
Bid the ſetting ſun adieu.

CORYDON.

A PASTORAL.

TO THE MEMORY OF WM. SHENSTONE, ESQ.

I.

COME, ſhepherds, we'll follow the bearſe,
And ſee our lov'd Corydon lay'd,
Though ſorrow may blemiſh the verſe,
Yet let the ſad tribute be paid.
They call'd him the pride of the plain;
In ſooth he was gentle and kind!
He mark'd on his elegant ſtrain
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

II.

On purpoſe he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
But never once riff'd their cell.

Ye

Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat,—and your maſter bemoan;
His muſic was artleſs and ſweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

III.

No verdure ſhall cover the vale,
No bloom on the bloſſoms appear;
The ſweets of the foreſt ſhall fail,
And winter diſcolour the year.
No birds in our hedges ſhall ſing
(Our hedges ſo vocal before),
Since he that ſhould welcome the ſpring,
Can greet the gay ſeaſon no more.

IV.

His Phyllis was fond of his praiſe,
And poets came round in a throng;
They liſten'd,—— they envy'd his lays,
But which of them equall'd his ſong?
Ye ſhepherds, henceforward be mute,
For loſt is the paſtoral ſtrain;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus——let me break it in twain.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

NEAR yonder copſe, where once the garden ſmil'd,
And ſtill where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn ſhrubs the place diſcloſe,
The village preacher's modeſt manſion roſe.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And paſſing rich with forty pounds a-year;

Remote

Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wiſh'd to change his place;
Unpractis'd he to fawn, or ſeek for power,
By doctrines faſhion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More ſkill'd to raiſe the wretched, than to riſe.
His houſe was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.
The long-remember'd beggar was his gueſt,
Whoſe beard deſcending ſwept his aged breaſt;
The ruin'd ſpendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken ſoldier, kindly bade to ſtay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of ſorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and ſhew'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his gueſts, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careleſs their merits, or their faults to ſcan
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's ſide;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offſpring to the ſkies,
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beſide the bed where parting life was laid,
And ſorrow, guilt, and pain by turns diſmay'd,
The reverend champion ſtood. At his controul,
Deſpair and anguiſh fled the ſtruggling ſoul,
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raiſe,
And his laſt faltering accents whiſper'd praiſe.

At

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double ſway,
And fools who came to ſcoff, remain'd to pray.
The ſervice paſt, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honeſt ruſtic ran;
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to ſhare the good man's ſmile.
His ready ſmile a parent's warmth expreſt,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares diſtreſt;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given;
But all his ſerious thoughts had reſt in heaven.
As ſome tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leads the ſtorm,
Though round its breaſt the rolling clouds are ſpread,
Eternal ſunſhine ſettles on its head.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
"And guide my lonely way,
"To where yon taper cheers the vale,
"With hoſpitable ray.

"For here, forlorn and loſt I tread,
"With fainting ſteps and ſlow;
"Where wilds immeaſurably ſpread,
"Seem lengthening as I go.

"Forbear,

"Forbear, my ſon," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
"For yonder faithleſs phantom flies
"To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houſeleſs child of want,
"My door is open ſtill;
"And though my portion is but ſcant,
"I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely ſhare
"Whate'er my cell beſtows;
"My ruſhy couch, and frugal fare,
"My bleſſing and repoſe.

"No flocks that range the valley free,
"To ſlaughter I condemn:
"Taught by that power that pities me,
"I learn to pity them.

"But from the mountain's graſſy ſide,
"A guiltleſs feaſt I bring;
"A ſcrip with herbs and fruits ſupply'd,
"And water from the ſpring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
"All earth-born cares are wrong:
"Man wants but little here below,
"Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heav'n deſcends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modeſt ſtranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderneſs obſcure
The lonely manſion lay,
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And ſtrangers led aſtray.

No

No ſtores beneath its humble thatch,
Requir'd a maſter's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.

And now when buſy crowds retire
To take their evening reſt,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his penſive gueſt.

And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
And gayly preſt, and ſmil'd;
And ſkill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in ſympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To ſooth the ſtranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His riſing cares the hermit ſpy'd
With anſwering care oppreſt:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
"The ſorrows of thy breaſt?

"From better habitation ſpurn'd,
"Reluctant doſt thou rove;
"Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
"Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
"Are trifling and decay;
"And thoſe who prize the paltry things,
"More trifling ſtill than they.

" And what his friendſhip but a name,
" A charm that lulls to ſleep;
" A ſhade that follows wealth or fame,
" But leaves the wretch to weep?

" And love is ſtill an emptier ſound,
" The modern fair one's jeſt;
" On earth unſeen, or only found
" To warm the turtle's neſt.

" For ſhame, fond youth, thy ſorrows huſh,
" And ſpurn the ſex," he ſaid;
But, while he ſpoke, a riſing bluſh
His love-lorn gueſt betray'd.

Surpriz'd he ſees new beauties riſe
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning ſkies,
As bright, as tranſient too.

The baſhful look, the riſing breaſt,
Alternate ſpread alarms;
The lovely ſtranger ſtands confeſt
A maid in all her charms.

" And, ah! forgive a ſtranger rude,
" A wretch forlorn," ſhe cry'd,
" Whoſe feet unhallow'd thus intrude,
" Where Heaven and you reſide.

" But let a maid thy pity ſhare,
" Whom love has taught to ſtray;
" Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds deſpair
" Companion of her way.

" My father liv'd beſide the Tyne,
" A wealthy lord was he;
" And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
" He had but only me:

To

"To win me from his tender arms,
"Unnumber'd ſuitors came;
"Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
"And felt or feign'd a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
"With richeſt proffers ſtrove:
"Among the reſt young Edwin bow'd,
"But never talk'd of love.

"In humble ſimpleſt habit clad,
"No wealth nor power had he;
"Wiſdom and worth were all he had,
"But theſe were all to me.

"The bloſſom opening to the day
"The dews of heaven refin'd,
"Could nought of purity diſplay,
"To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the bloſſom on the tree,
"With charms inconſtant ſhine;
"Their charms were his, but woe to me,
"Their conſtancy was mine.

"For ſtill I try'd each fickle art,
"Importunate and vain;
"And while his paſſion touch'd my heart,
"I triumph'd in his pain.

"Till quite dejected with my ſcorn,
"He left me to my pride;
"And ſought a ſolitude forlorn
"In ſecret, where he dy'd.

"But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault,
"And well my life ſhall pay;
"I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
"And ſtretch me where he lay.—

" And there forlorn, deſpairing, hid,
" I'll lay me down and die:
" 'Twas ſo for me that Edwin did,
" And ſo for him will I.

" Forbid it, Heaven!" the hermit cry'd,
And claſp'd her to his breaſt:
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's ſelf that preſt.

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
" My charmer, turn to ſee,
" Thy own, thy long loſt Edwin here,
" Reſtor'd to love and thee.

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
" And ev'ry care reſign:
" And ſhall we never, never part,
" My life,——my all that's mine.

" No, never from this hour to part,
" We'll live and love ſo true;
" The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart,
" Shall break thy Edwin's too."

THE THUNDER STORM.

LET coward Guilt, with pallid Fear,
To ſhelt'ring caverns fly,
And juſtly dread the vengeful fate,
That thunders through the ſky.

Protected

Protected by that Hand, whoſe law
The threat'ning ſtorms obey,
Intrepid Virtue ſmiles ſecure,
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom
The lightnings lurid glare,
It views the ſame all-gracious Power,
That breathes the vernal air.

Through Nature's ever-varying ſcene,
By diff'rent ways purſu'd,
The one eternal end of Heav'n
Is univerſal good.

With like beneficent effect
O'er flaming æther glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
Or bluſhes in the roſe.

By reaſon taught to ſcorn thoſe fears
That vulgar minds moleſt,
Let no fantaſtic terrors break
My dear Narciſſa's reſt.

Thy life may all the tend'reſt care
Of Providence defend;
And delegated angels round
Their guardian wings extend.

When, through creation's vaſt expanſe,
The laſt dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the ſpheres,
And ſhake the riſing ſoul:

Unmov'd may'ſt thou the final ſtorm,
Of jarring worlds ſurvey,
That uſhers in the glad ſerene
Of everlaſting day.

THE EVENING WALK.

HOW ſweet the calm of this ſequeſter'd ſhore,
Where ebbing waters muſically roll;
And ſolitude, and ſilent eve reſtore
The philoſophic temper of the ſoul.

The ſighing gale, whoſe murmurs lull to reſt
The buſy tumult of declining day,
To ſympathetic quiet ſooths the breaſt,
And ev'ry wild emotion dies away.

Farewell the objects of diurnal care,
Your taſk be ended with the ſetting ſun:
Let all be undiſturb'd vacation here,
While o'er yon wave aſcends the peaceful moon.

What beauteous viſions o'er the ſoften'd heart,
In this ſtill moment all their charms diffuſe,
Serener joys, and brighter hopes impart,
And cheer the ſoul with more than mortal views.

Here faithful mem'ry wakens all her pow'rs,
She bids her fair ideal forms aſcend,
And quick to ev'ry gladden'd thought reſtores
The ſocial virtue, and the abſent friend.

Come Delia, come, and with me ſhare
The ſober pleaſures of this ſolemn ſcene;
While no rude tempeſt clouds the ruffled air,
But all, like thee, is ſmiling and ſerene.

Come, while the cool, the ſolitary hours
Each fooliſh care, and giddy wiſh controul,
With all thy ſoft perſuaſion's wonted pow'rs,
Beyond the ſtars tranſport my liſtening ſoul.

Oft,

Oft, when the earth detain'd by empty ſhow,
Thy voice has taught the trifler how to riſe;
Taught her to look with ſcorn on things below,
And ſeek her better portion in the ſkies.

Come, and the ſacred eloquence repeat:
The world ſhall vaniſh at its gentle ſound,
Angelic forms ſhall viſit this retreat,
And op'ning heav'n diffuſe its glories round.

A SOLILOQUY.

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

STruck with religious awe, and ſolemn dread,
I view theſe gloomy manſions of the dead;
Around me tombs in mix'd diſorder riſe,
And in mute language teach me to be wiſe.
Time was, theſe aſhes liv'd—a time muſt be
When others thus ſhall ſtand—and look at me;
Alarming thought! no wonder 'tis we dread
O'er theſe uncomfortable vaults to tread;
Where blended lie the aged and the young,
The rich and poor, an undiſtinguiſh'd throng:
Death conquers all, and time's ſubduing hand
Nor tombs, nor marble-ſtatues can withſtand.
Mark yonder aſhes in confuſion ſpread!
Compare earth's living tenants with her dead!
How ſtriking the reſemblance, yet how juſt!
Once life and ſoul inform'd this maſs of duſt;
Around theſe bones, now broken and decay'd,
The ſtreams of life in various channels play'd:

Perhaps

Perhaps that ſkull, ſo horrible to view!
Was ſome fair maid's, ye belles, as fair as you;
Theſe hollow ſockets two bright orbs contain'd,
Where the loves ſported, and in triumph reign'd:
Here glow'd the lips; there white, as Parian ſtone,
The teeth diſpos'd in beauteous order ſhone.
This is life's goal—no farther can we view,
Beyond it, all is wonderful and new:
O deign, ſome courteous ghoſt! to let us know
What we muſt ſhortly be, and you are now!
Sometimes you warn us of approaching fate;
Why hide the knowledge of your preſent ſtate?
With joy behold us tremblingly explore
Th' unknown gulph, that you can fear no more?
The grave has eloquence—its lectures teach
In ſilence, louder than divines can preach;
Hear what it ſays——ye ſons of folly hear!
It ſpeaks to you—O give it then your ear!
It bids you lay all vanity aſide,
O what a lecture this for human pride! [ſound!
The clock ſtrikes twelve—how ſolemn is the
Hark, how the ſtrokes from hollow vaults rebound!
They bid us haſten to be wiſe, and ſhow,
How rapid in their courſe the minutes flow.
See yonder yew—how high it lifts its head?
Around, the gloomy ſhade their branches ſpread!
Old and decay'd it ſtill retains a grace,
And adds more ſolemn horror to the place.
Whoſe tomb is this? it ſays, 'tis Myra's tomb,
Pluck'd from the world in beauty's faireſt bloom,
Attend ye fair! ye thoughtleſs, and ye gay!
For Myra dy'd upon her nuptial day! [arms,
The grave, cold bridegroom! claſp'd her in its
And the worm rioted upon her charms.
In yonder tomb the old Avaro lies;
Once he was rich—the world eſteem'd him wiſe:

Schemes

Schemes unaccompliſh'd labour'd in his mind,
And all his thoughts were to the world confin'd;
Death came unlook'd for--from his graſping hands
Down dropt his bags, and mortgages of lands.
Beneath that ſculptur'd pompous marble-ſtone,
Lies youthful Florio, aged twenty-one;
Cropt like a flower, he wither'd in his bloom,
Tho' flatt'ring life had promis'd years to come:
Ye ſilken ſons! ye Florios of the age,
Who tread in giddy maze life's flowery ſtage!
Mark here the end of man, in Florio ſee
What you, and all the ſons of earth ſhall be!
There low in duſt the vain Hortenſio lies, [eyes:
Whoſe ſplendour once we view'd with envious
Titles and arms his pompous marble grace,
With a long hiſtory of his noble race:
Still after death his vanity ſurvives,
And on his tomb all of Hortenſio lives.
Around me as I turn my wandering eyes,
Unnumber'd graves in awful proſpect riſe,
Whoſe ſtones ſay only when their owners dy'd,
If young, or aged, and to whom ally'd.
On others pompous epitaphs are ſpread
In memory of the virtues of the dead:
Vain waſte of praiſe! ſince, flattering or ſincere,
The judgment-day alone will make appear.
How ſilent is this little ſpot of ground!
How melancholy looks each object round!
Here man diſſolv'd in ſhatter'd ruin lies
So faſt aſleep—as if no more to riſe; [live,
'Tis ſtrange to think how theſe dead bones can
Leap into form, and with new heat revive!
Or how this trodden earth to life ſhall wake,
Know its own place, its former figure take!
But whence theſe fears? when the laſt trumpet ſounds
Thro' heavens expanſe to earth's remoteſt bounds,

The

The dead ſhall quit theſe tenements of clay,
And view again the long extinguiſh'd day:
It muſt be ſo——the ſame Almighty power
From duſt who form'd us, can from duſt reſtore.
Cheer'd with this pleaſing hope, I ſafely truſt
Jehovah's power to raiſe me from the duſt,
On his unfailing promiſes rely,
And all the horrors of the grave defy.

THE HERMIT AND HIS DOG.

IN life's fair morn, I knew an aged ſeer,
Who ſad and lonely paſs'd his joyleſs year;
Betray'd, heart-broken, from the world he ran,
And ſhunn'd, oh! dire extreme, the face of man;
Humbly he rear'd his hut within the wood,
Hermit his veſt, a hermit's was his food.
Nitch'd in ſome corner of the gelid cave,
Where chilling drops the rugged rockſtone lave;
Hour after hour, the melancholy ſage,
Drop after drop to reckon, would engage
The ling'ring day, and trickling as they fell,
A tear went with them to the narrow well;
Then thus he moraliz'd as ſlow it paſs'd,
"This, brings me nearer Lucia than the laſt;
"And this, now ſtreaming from the eye," ſaid he,
"Oh, my lov'd child! will bring me nearer thee."
When firſt he roam'd, his dog with anxious care,
His wand'rings watch'd, as emulous to ſhare;
In vain the faithful brute was bid to go,
In vain the ſorrower ſought a lonely woe.
The Hermit paus'd, th' attendant dog was near,
Slept at his feet, and caught the falling tear;

Up

Up roſe the Hermit, up the dog would riſe,
And every way to win a maſter tries.
"Then be it ſo. Come faithful fool," he ſaid;
One pat encourag'd, and they ſought the ſhade;
An unfrequented thicket ſoon they found,
And both repos'd upon the leafy ground;
Mellifluous murm'rings told the fountains nigh,
Fountains, which well a pilgrim's drink ſupply;
And thence, by many a labyrinth is led,
Where ev'ry tree beſtow'd an ev'ning bed.
Skill'd in the chace, the faithful creature brought
Whate'er at morn or moon-light courſe he caught;
But the ſage lent his ſympathy to all,
Nor ſaw unwept his dumb aſſociates fall.
He was, in ſooth, the gentleſt of his kind,
And though a hermit, had a ſocial mind:
"And why, ſaid he, muſt man ſubſiſt by prey,
"Why ſtop yon melting muſic on the ſpray?
"Why, when aſſail'd by hounds and hunter's cry,
"Muſt half the harmleſs race in terrors die?
"Why muſt we work of innocence the woe?
"Still ſhall this boſom throb, theſe eyes o'erflow;
"A heart too tender here, from man, retires,
"A heart that aches, if but a wren expires."
Thus liv'd the maſter good, the ſervant true,
Till to its God the maſter's ſpirit flew;
Beſide a fount which daily water gave,
Stooping to drink, the Hermit found a grave;
All in the running ſtream his garments ſpread,
And dark, damp verdure ill conceal'd his head;
The faithful ſervant from that fatal day
Watch'd the lov'd corpſe, and hourly pin'd away:
His head upon his maſter's cheek was found,
While the obſtructed water mourn'd around.

LIFE.

LIFE. AN ODE.

LIFE the dear precarious boon!
Soon we loſe, alas! how ſoon!
Fleeting viſion, falſely gay!
Graſp'd in vain, it fades away,
Mixing with ſurrounding ſhades,
Lovely viſion, how it fades!
Let the muſe, in fancy's glaſs,
Catch the phantoms as they paſs:
See they riſe! a nymph behold
Careleſs, wanton, young and bold;
Mark her devious, haſty pace,
Antic dreſs, and thoughtleſs face,
Smiling cheeks, and roving eyes,
Cauſeleſs mirth, and vain ſurprize——
Tripping at her ſide, a boy
Shares her wonder, and her joy;
This is Folly, Childhood's guide,
This is Childhood at her ſide.
What is he ſucceeding now,
Myrtles blooming on his brow,
Bright, and bluſhing, as the morn,
Not on earth a mortal born?
Shafts, to pierce the ſtrong I view,
Wings, the flying to purſue;
Victim of his power, behind
Stalks a ſlave of human kind,
Whoſe diſdain of all the free
Speaks his mind's captivity.
Love's the tyrant, Youth's the ſlave,
Youth in vain is wiſe or brave;
Love with conſcious pride defies
All the brave, and all the wiſe.

Who

Who art thou with anxious mien
Stealing o'er the ſhifting ſcene?
Eyes, with tedious vigils red,
Sighs, by doubts and wiſhes bred,
Cautious ſtep, and glancing leer,
Speak thy woes, and ſpeak thy fear;
Arm in arm, what wretch is he
Like thyſelf, who walks with thee?
Like thy own his fears and woes,
All thy pangs his boſom knows:
Well, too well! my boding breaſt
Knows the names your looks ſuggeſt,
Anxious, buſy, reſtleſs pair!
Manhood, link'd by fate to Care.
Wretched ſtate! and yet 'tis dear—
Fancy, cloſe the proſpect here!
Cloſe it, or recall the paſt,
Spare my eyes, my heart, the laſt.
Vain the wiſh! the laſt appears,
While I gaze it ſwims in tears;
Age—my future ſelf—I trace
Moving ſlow with feeble pace,
Bending with diſeaſe and cares,
All the load of life he bears;
White his locks, his viſage wan,
Strength, and eaſe, and hope are gone.
Death, the ſhadowy form I know!
Death o'ertakes him, dreadful foe!
Swift they vaniſh—mournful ſight,
Night ſucceeds, impervious night!
What theſe dreadful glooms conceal
Fancy's glaſs can ne'er reveal;
When ſhall time the veil remove?
When ſhall light the ſcene improve?
When ſhall truth my doubts diſpell?
Awful period! who can tell!

ON CEREMONY.

"SIR, will you pleaſe to walk before?"
No, pray, Sir,——you are next the door.
"Upon mine honour, I'll not ſtir!"
Sir, I'm at home; conſider, Sir
"Excuſe me, Sir, I'll not go firſt."
Well, if I muſt be rude, I muſt;
But yet I wiſh I could evade it:
'Tis ſtrangely clowniſh—be perſuaded, *&c. &c.*
—Go forward, cits, go forward, ſquires!
Nor ſcruple each what each admires.
Life ſquares not friends with your proceeding:
It flies while you diſplay your breeding;
Such breeding as one's granam preaches,
Or ſome old dancing-maſter teaches——
O for ſome rude tumultuous fellow,
Half crazy, or at leaſt half mellow;
To come behind you unawares,
And fairly puſh you both down ſtairs!
But death's at hand——let me adviſe ye,
Go forward, friends——or he'll ſurpriſe ye.

A FATHER's ADVICE TO HIS SON.

DEEP in a grove by cypreſs ſhaded,
Where mid-day ſun had ſeldom ſhone,
Or noiſe the ſolemn ſcene invaded,
Save ſome afflicted muſe's moan.

A ſwain

A ſwain, tow'rds full-ag'd manhood wending,
Sat ſorrowing at the cloſe of day,
At whoſe fond ſide a boy attending,
Liſp'd half his father's cares away.

The father's eyes no object wreſted,
But on the ſmiling prattler hung,
Till what his throbing heart ſuggeſted,
Theſe accents trembled from his tongue:

"My youth's firſt hope, my manhood's treaſure,
"My deareſt innocent, attend,
"Nor fear rebuke, or ſour diſpleaſure,
"A father's lovlieſt name is Friend.

"Some truth's from long experience flowing,
"Worth more than royal grants, receive;
"For truths are wealth of Heav'n's beſtowing,
"Which kings have ſeldom power to give.

"Since, from an ancient race deſcended,
"You boaſt an unattainted blood,
"By yours be their fair fame atended,
"And claim by birthright—to be good.

"In love for every fellow creature,
"Superior riſe above the crowd;
"What moſt ennobles human nature
"Was ne'er the portion of the proud.

"Be thine the generous heart that borrows
"From other's joys a friendly glow,
"And for each hapleſs neighbour's ſorrows,
"Throbs with a ſympathetic woe.

"This is the temper moſt endearing,
"Tho' wide, proud pomp, her banner ſpreads,
"An heavenlier power good-nature bearing,
"Each heart in willing thraldom leads.

" Taſte not from fame's uncertain fountain
" The peace-deſtroying ſtreams that flow,
" Nor from ambition's dangerous mountain
" Look down upon the world below.

" The princely pine on hills exalted,
" Whoſe lofty branches cleave the ſky,
" By winds, long-brav'd, at laſt aſſaulted,
" Is headlong whirl'd in duſt to lie;

" While the mild roſe, more ſafely growing,
" Low in its unaſpiring vale,
" Amid retirement's ſhelter blowing,
" Exchanges ſweets with every gale.

" Wiſh not for beauty's darling features
" Moulded by nature's partial pow'r,
" For faireſt forms 'mong human creatures,
" Shine but the pageants of an hour.

" I ſaw the pride of all the meadow,
" At noon, a gay narciſſus blow
" Upon a river's bank, whoſe ſhadow
" Bloom'd in the ſilver waves below;

" By noontide's heat its youth was waſted,
" The waters, as they paſs'd, complain'd;
" At eve, its glories all were blaſted,
" And not one former tint remain'd.

" Nor let vain wit's deceitful glory
" Lead you from wiſdom's path aſtray;
" What genius lives renown'd in ſtory,
" To happineſs who found the way?

" In yonder mead behold that vapour,
" Whoſe vivid beams illuſive play,
" Far off it ſeems a friendly taper,
" To guide the traveller on his way;

" But

" But ſhould ſome hapleſs wretch purſuing,
" Tread where the treach'rous meteors glow,
" He'd find, too late, his raſhneſs rueing,
" That fatal quick-ſands lurk below.

" In life ſuch bubbles nought admiring,
" Gilt with falſe light, and fill'd with air,
" Do you from pageant crowds retiring,
" To Peace in Virtue's cot repair.

" There ſeek the never-waſted treaſure,
" Which mutual love and friendſhip give,
" Domeſtic comfort, ſpotleſs pleaſure,
" And bleſt and bleſſing you will live.

" If Heav'n with children crowns your dwelling
" As mine its bounty does with you,
" In fondneſs fatherly excelling,
" Th'example you have felt purſue."

He paus'd——for tenderly careſſing
The darling of his wounded heart,
Looks had means only of expreſſing
Thoughts, language never could impart.

Now night her mournful mantle ſpreading,
Had rob'd in black th'horizon round,
And dank dews, from her treſſes ſhedding,
With genial moiſture bath'd the ground;

When back to city follies flying,
'Midſt cuſtom's ſlaves he liv'd reſign'd,
His face, array'd in ſmiles, denying
The true complexion of his mind.

For ſeriouſly around ſurveying
Each character, in youth and age,
Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying,
That play'd upon this human ſtage.

(Peaceful himſelf and undeſigning)
He loath'd the ſcenes of guile and ſtrife,
And felt each ſecret wiſh inclining
To leave this fretful farce of life.

Yet to whate'er above was fated,
Obediently he bow'd his ſoul,
For, what all-bounteous Heaven created,
He thought Heaven only ſhould controul.

GRATITUDE.

AN ODE.

HOW cheerful along the gay mead,
The daiſy and cowſlip appear,
The flocks as they careleſsly feed,
Rejoice in the ſpring of the year;
The myrtles that ſhade the gay bow'rs,
The herbage that ſprings from the ſod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and ſweet flow'rs,
All riſe to the praiſe of my God.

Shall man, the great maſter of all,
The only inſenſible prove?
Forbid it fair Gratitude's call,
Forbid it Devotion and Love;
The Lord who ſuch wonders could raiſe,
And ſtill can deſtroy with a nod,
My lips ſhall inceſſantly praiſe,
My ſoul ſhall be wrapt in my God!

THE WISH.

HOW ſhort is life's uncertain ſpace!
Alas! how quickly done!
How ſwift the wild precarious chaſe!
And yet how difficult the race,
How very hard to run!

Youth ſtops at firſt its wilful ears
To wiſdom's prudent voice;
Till now arriv'd to riper years,
Experienced age, worn out with cares,
Repents its earlier choice.

What though its proſpects now appear
So pleaſing and refin'd;
Yet groundleſs hope, and anxious fear,
By turns the buſy moments ſhare,
And prey upon the mind.

Since then falſe joys our fancy cheat
With hopes of real bliſs;
Ye guardian pow'rs that rule my fate,
The only wiſh that I create,
Is all compriz'd in this:

May I through life's uncertain tide,
Be ſtill from pain exempt;
May all my wants be ſtill ſupply'd,
My ſtate too low t'admit of pride,
And yet above contempt.

But ſhould your providence divine
A greater bliſs intend;
May all thoſe bleſſings you deſign,
(If e'er thoſe bleſſings ſhall be mine)
Be center'd in a Friend.

THE

THE WANDERER.

THE night was dark, the ſtorm was loud,
The lightning gleam'd around;
And, ever and anon, was heard
The thunder's diſmal ſound.

When lo! the pious hermit roſe
To pay his midnight vows;
And oft, before the crucifix,
With humble heart he bows.

"Pray Heaven! preſerve, this dreadful night,
"The naked wretch, and poor;
"Conduct his wand'ring ſteps to find
"Some hoſpitable door.

"For ſure no ſeaſon dark as this,
"Or diſmal, e'er was known"—
Scarce had the hermit ſpoke, when lo!
He heard a piteous moan.

"For Heaven's ſake ſome ſhelter lend,
"Until the riſing day;
"A wretch, benighted and forlorn,
"Hath wander'd from his way."

"Then hither bend your weary ſteps,"
The hermit kindly ſaid,
"Within this cell you'll ſhelter find,"
And ſtraight the ſtranger led.

The dying embers ſoon revive,
And ſoon he ſpreads the board;
"Then take, young man, ſuch homely fare
"As neighb'ring woods afford.

"No

"No coſtly meats, or madd'ning wine,
"Befit this humble cell;
"Plain roots, or fruit, is all my food,
"My drink the chryſtal well.

"Believe me, youth, our nature's wants
"Are ſmall, and ſoon ſupply'd;
"Then, Why indulge our appetite?"
The pious hermit cry'd.

"But tell, my ſon, what dire miſchance
"Hath led you from your way;
"Or why, deſerted and forlorn,
"You, unattended, ſtray?"

"My tale's not long," the youth reply'd,
"Nor, father, ſtrange to tell;
"No dreadful ill hath me beſet,
"No dire miſchance befel.

"Such only as your friendly aid,
"When morn begins t'appear,
"Can ſoon each ſorrow diſſipate,
"And baniſh ev'ry fear.

"Yeſt're'en I wandered o'er the plain,
"Without one thought of dread,
"While Phœbus' ſultry, piercing, beam
"Beat fiercely on my head.

"A wood was nigh——I ſought the ſhade,
"A winding path I found;
"When ſhrubs, ſweet-ſcented, pleas'd my eye,
"And breath'd perfumes around.

"Here lofty oaks, in royal ſtate,
"A canopy ſupply'd;
"Whilſt golden fruit on pregnant boughs
"Were rang'd, on ev'ry ſide.

"Here

" Here long I ſtray'd, in pleaſure loſt,
" Here long I lov'd to ſtray;
" Nor once bethought my careleſs ſteps
" Had wander'd from my way.

" When lo! the ſun, whoſe gladſome beam
" Enlivens Nature's face,
" In radiant clouds ſunk down to reſt,
" And clos'd his ev'ning race.

" At once a ſolemn gloom pervades
" The thick embow'ring wood:
" I heard a diſtant awful ſound——
" Some deep reſounding flood.

" The water's angry ſpirit ſhriek'd,
" Loud rag'd the pelting ſtorm:
" A night more ſad I ne'er beheld,
" Nor could my fancy form.

" Pray Heaven! I cry'd, my life preſerve;
" Thy providence diſplay;
" Lead, lead me to ſome ſhelter'd cave,
" Till morning darts its ray.

" My pray'r was heard—thy midnight lamp
" Soon ſtruck my raviſh'd ſight:"
" Thank Heav'n, my ſon," the hermit cry'd,
" For what hath paſs'd this night.

" In this forlorn retreat I've dwelt,
" For thirty years, or more;
" Yet never mortal foot hath trod,
" On this deſerted floor.

" Long

"Long time, like thee, I pleaſure ſought,
"Like thee I rang'd around—
"Believe me, youth, in Pleaſure's courts
"No happineſs is found.

"From me, my ſon, this counſel take,
"Experience reſteth here;
"My head with age is ſilver'd o'er,
"Theſe hoary locks revere.

"When once we leave the paths of right,
"Or turn from virtue's road,
"(Beware my ſon, the fatal courſe)
"Each footſtep leads from God.

"Though Pleaſure lure thee to her paths,
"And place the golden ſnare;
"Yet, ah! avoid her dang'rous wiles,
"Her fawning arts beware.

"Some verdant meadow haſt thou ſeen
"With flow'rets gaily ſmile,
"Whilſt yet, beneath the checquer'd lawn,
"A ſerpent lurks the while?

"Hence then, reject theſe flatt'ring ſcenes,
"Renounce deluſive joy;
"And turn your eye on heav'n, where dwells
"True bliſs, without alloy.

"But ſoft! I ſpy the morning break—
"In peace purſue your way:
"Nor ever, gentle youth, preſume
"From Virtue's path to ſtray."

THE FISHERMAN.

UNKNOWING and unknown to fame,
An honeſt clown—Dorus his name,
With fraudful line, and baited hook,
Near the ſea ſhore his ſtation took,
In hopes the cravings to ſupply
Of a large helpleſs family:
But Fortune, who her favour ſheds
Seldom upon deſerving heads,
On Dorus glanc'd with ſcornful ſpite;
No prize——not e'en a ſingle bite.
Tir'd with ill luck he now deſpairs,
And for a hungry home prepares;
When to his joy and great ſurpriſe,
He feels a fiſh of monſtrous ſize,
(So flatters ſmiling Hope)——when, lo!——
Fortune again appears his foe;
He drags on ſhore, with cautious pull,——
A fiſh?——ah! no——a human ſkull;
A ghaſtly and forbidding treat,
Improper food for him to eat:
What can he do?——ſhall he again
Commit his capture to the main?
But here humanity prevails,
And piety his heart aſſails:
"Who knows," cries Dorus, with a ſigh,
(A heart-ſprung tear in either eye)
"But this might once a portion be
"Of a poor ſpouſe, or ſire like me;
"On whoſe endeavours a large brood
"Of little ones, might hang for food;
"Shipwreck'd perhaps in ſight of land,
"Or murder'd by ſome villain's hand:

"My

"My duty and my feelings too
"Strongly evince what I ſhou'd do;
"The kindneſs which to him I ſhew,
"Perhaps to others I may owe."

So ſaid, away the ſkull he bears,
And in the woods a grave prepares:
He digs——his heart dilates with pleaſure
To find a Heav'n ſent golden treaſure;
A treaſure to his utmoſt wiſhes,
Superior to ten thouſand fiſhes;
With which he joyous marches home,
The ſkull bequeathing in its room.

Thoſe hearts that with humanity diſtend,
In Providence are ſure to meet a friend;
And the ſame love we to our brethren ſhew,
Our Heavenly Father will on us beſtow.

A PASTORAL,

IN FOUR PARTS.

I. ABSENCE.

YE ſhepherds ſo cheerful and gay,
Whoſe flocks never careleſsly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to ſtray,
Oh, call the poor wanderers home!
Allow me to muſe and to ſigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None e'er was ſo watchful as I;
—I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is to have ſtrove
With the torture of doubt and deſire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah! lead forth my flocks in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bad my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchſaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine;
May I loſe both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd ev'ry hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are paſt, and I ſigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languiſh in vain?
Why wander thus penſively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the ſmiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley is flown;
Alas! where with her I have ſtray'd,
I could wander with pleaſure alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguiſh I felt in my heart!
Yet I thought——but it might not be ſo——
'Twas with pain that ſhe ſaw me depart:
She gaz'd, as I ſlowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly diſcern;
So ſweetly ſhe bade me adieu,
I thought that ſhe bade me return.

The

The pilgrim that journeys all day,
To viſit ſome far-diſtant ſhrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft Hope is the relic I bear,
And my ſolace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

MY banks are all furniſh'd with bees,
Whoſe murmur invites one to ſleep;
My grottos are ſhaded with trees,
And my hills are white-over with ſheep:
I ſeldom have met with a loſs,
Such health does my mountains beſtow;
My fountains all border'd with moſs,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there ſeen,
But with tendrils of woodbines is bound;
Not a beach's more beautiful green,
But a ſweet brier twines it around:
Not my fields in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold:
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fiſhes of gold.

One would think ſhe might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
Not a ſhrub that I heard her admire,
But I haſted and planted it there.
Oh, how ſudden the jeſſamine ſtrove,
With the lilach to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What ſtrains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roſes that blow!
And when her bright form ſhall appear,
Each bird ſhall harmoniouſly join,
In a concert ſo ſoft and ſo clear,
As—ſhe may not be fond to reſign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will ſay 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, ſhe aver'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard,
Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with ſweetneſs unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
And ſhe call'd it the ſiſter of love.
But her words ſuch a pleaſure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her ſpeak, and whatever ſhe ſay,
Methinks I ſhould love her the more.

Can a boſom ſo gentle remain,
Unmov'd, when her Corydon ſighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
Theſe plains and this valley deſpiſe?
Dear regions of ſilence and ſhade!
Soft ſcenes of contentment and eaſe!
Where I could have pleaſingly ſtray'd,
If aught in her abſence could pleaſe.

But where does my Phillida ſtray?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the ſhepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The ſwains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my paſſion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I ſhew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien ſhe enamours the brave;
With her wit ſhe engages the free;
With her modeſty pleaſes the grave;
She is ev'ry way pleaſing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays!
I could lay down my life for the ſwain
That will ſing but a ſong in her praiſe:
When he ſings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and liſten the while;
Nay, on him let not Phillida frown;
—But I cannot allow her to ſmile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might ſhe ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dreſſes his hair,
And his crook is beſtudded around;
And his pipe—oh, may Phyllis! beware
Of a magic there is in the ſound.

'Tis his with mock paſſion to glow;
'Tis his in ſmooth tales to unfold,
" How her face is as bright as the ſnow,
" And her boſom, be ſure, is as cold!
" How the nightingales labour the ſtrain,
" With the notes of his charmer to vie;
" How they vary their accents in vain,
" Repine at her triumphs, and die!"

To the grove or the garden he ſtrays,
And pillages every ſweet;
Then, ſuiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
" O Phyllis," he whiſpers, " more fair,
" More ſweet than the jeſſamin's flow'r!
" What are pinks in a morn to compare?
" What is eglantine after a ſhow'r?

" Then the lily no longer is white,
" Then the roſe is depriv'd of its bloom,
" Then the violet dies with deſpight,
" And the woodbines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the ſoft numbers along,
And he fancies no ſhepherd is peer;
—Yet I never ſhould envy the ſong,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy deſpiſe;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd
So they ſhine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart,
Is a ſtranger to Paridel's tongue;
—Yet may ſhe beware of his art,
Or ſure I muſt envy the ſong.

IV. DISAP-

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE ſhepherds give ear to my lays,
And take no more heed of my ſheep;
They have nothing to do but to ſtray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove,
She was fair—— and my paſſion begun;
She ſmil'd—— and I could not but love,
She is faithleſs——and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought,
Perhaps it was plain to foreſee,
That a nymph ſo complete ſhould be ſought
By a ſwain more engaging than me.
Ah! love ev'ry hope can inſpire;
It baniſhes wiſdom the while:
And the lip of the nymph we admire,
Seems for ever adorn'd with a ſmile.

She is faithleſs, and I am undone;
Ye that witneſs the woes I endure,
Let reaſon inſtruct you to ſhun
What it cannot inſtruct you to cure.
Beware how ye loiter in vain,
Amid nymphs of an higher degree;
It is not for me to explain,
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repoſe.
Yet time may diminiſh the pain:
The flow'r, and the ſhrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleaſure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The

The ſweets of a dew-ſprinkled roſe,
The ſound of a murmuring ſtream,
The peace which from ſolitude flows,
Henceforth ſhall be Corydon's theme.
High tranſports are ſhewn to the ſight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never beſtow'd ſuch delight,
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, ſpread your beauties apace!
To your deepeſt receſſes I fly;
I would hide with the beaſts of the chaſe,
I would vaniſh from every eye.
Yet my reed ſhall reſound through the grove
With the ſame ſad complaint it begun;
How ſhe ſmil'd, and I could not but love!
Was faithleſs, and I am undone!

THE FIRESIDE.

DEAR Chloe, while the buſy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Tho' ſingularity and pride,
Be call'd our choice, we'll ſtep aſide,
Nor join the buſy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire,
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employ;
No noiſy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling ſtranger near,
To ſpoil our heart-felt joy.

If

If ſolid happineſs we prize,
Within our breaſt this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to beſtow,
From our own ſelves our joys muſt flow,
And that dear hut our home.

Of reſt was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing ſhe left
That ſafe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excurſion o'er,
The diſappointed bird once more
Explor'd the ſacred bark.

Tho' fools ſpurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his ſmiling hours,
By ſweet experience know,
That marriage rightly underſtood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
A paradiſe below.

Our babes ſhall richeſt comforts bring,
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a ſpring,
Whence pleaſures ever riſe;
We'll form their minds with ſtudious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the ſkies.

While they our wiſeſt hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, ſupport our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue ev'ry day,
And thus our fondeſt loves repay,
And recompence our cares.

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs!

Monarchs! we envy not your ſtate,
We look with pity on the great,
And bleſs our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few!
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may ſuffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore reliſh, with content,
What'er kind Providence has ſent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For if our ſtock be very ſmall,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor loſe the preſent hour.

To be reſign'd when ills betide,
Patient, when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours given;
Dear Chloe, this is wiſdom's part,
This is that incenſe of the heart,
Whoſe fragrance ſmells to Heaven.

We'll aſk no long protracted treat,
Since winter life is ſeldom ſweet;
But when our feaſt is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll ariſe,
Nor grudge our ſons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our ſtore.

Thus hand in hand thro' life we'll go,
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious ſteps we'll tread;
Quit its vain ſcenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conſcience, like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts ceaſe,
Like a kind angel whiſper peace,
And ſmooth the bed of death.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

OH! hear a penſive captive's pray'r
For liberty that ſighs,
And never let thy heart be ſhut
Againſt the pris'ner's cries.

For here, forlorn and ſad I ſit
Within my wiry grate;
And tremble at th'approach of morn
That brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breaſt with freedom glow'd,
And ſpurn'd a tyrant's chain;
Let not thy ſtrong oppreſſive force
A free-born Mouſe detain.

Oh! do not ſtain with guiltleſs blood
Thy hoſpitable hearth;
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd
A prize ſo little worth.

The ſcatter'd gleanings of a feaſt
My ſcanty meals ſupply:
Nor let thy unrelenting heart
That ſlender boon deny.

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are bleſſings widely given;
Let nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of heaven.

The well-taught philoſophic mind,
To all compaſſion gives,
Caſts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

If mind, as ancient ſages taught,
A never dying flame,
Still ſhifts thro' matter's varying forms,
In ev'ry form the ſame:

Beware, leſt in the worm you cruſh,
A brother's ſoul you find;
And tremble, leſt thy luckleſs hand
Diſlodge a kindred mind.

Or if this tranſient gleam of day
Be *all* of life we ſhare,
Let pity plead within thy breaſt,
That little *all* to ſpare.

So may thy hoſpitable board
With health and peace be crown'd;
And ev'ry charm of heart-felt eaſe
Beneath thy roof be found.

So when unſeen deſtruction lurks
Which men, like mice, may ſhare,
May ſome kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden ſnare.

INDIFFERENCE.

OFT I've implor'd the Gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary;
For once I'll try my wiſh to gain,
Of Oberon the fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton ſprite,
Who dwell'ſt in woods unſeen,
And oft by Cynthia's ſilver light
Trip'ſt gaily o'er the green.

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd,
As ancient ſtories tell,
And for th'Athenian maid who lov'd
Thou ſought'ſt a wond'rous ſpell;

Oh! deign once more t'exert thy pow'r,
Haply ſome herb or tree,
Sov'reign as juice from weſtern flow'r,
Conceals ſome balm for me.

I aſk no kind return in love,
No tempting charm to pleaſe;
Far from the heart ſuch gifts remove,
That ſighs for peace and eaſe.

Nor eaſe, nor peace, that heart can know
Which like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
And turning trembles too.

Far as diſtreſs the heart can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree;
Bliſs goes but to a certain bound,
Beyond is agony.

Then take this treach'rous ſenſe of mine,
That dooms me ſtill to ſmart,
That pleaſure can to pain refine,
To pain new pangs impart.

Oh! haſte to ſhed the gen'rous balm,
My ſhatter'd nerves new ſtring,
And for my gueſt ſerenely calm,
The nymph *Indifference* bring.

At her approach, ſee hope! ſee fear!
See expectation fly!
And diſappointment in the rear!
That blaſts the promis'd joy.

The tear which pity taught to flow,
My eyes ſhall then diſown;
The heart that melts at other's woe,
Shall then ſcarce feel its own.

The wounds that now each moment bleed,
Each moment then ſhall cloſe,
And tranquil days ſhall then ſucceed
To nights of calm repoſe.

O fairy Elf! but grant me this,
This one kind comfort ſend,
And ſo may never-fading bliſs,
Thy flow'ry paths attend.

So may the glow-worm's glimmering light
Thy fairy foot-ſteps lead,
To ſome new region of delight
Unknown to human tread.

And be thy acorn-goblets fill'd
With heav'n's ambroſial dew,
From ſweeteſt, freſheſt flowers diſtill'd,
That breathes freſh ſweets for you.

And what of life remains for me
I'll paſs in ſober eaſe,
Half-pleas'd contented will I be,
Content but half to pleaſe.

THE CONTEMPLATIST.

FAR from the trace of lawleſs men,
From Pow'rs unbounded ſway,
'Midſt peaceful ſcenes of ſolitude,
I hail each riſing day.

The buſy world with all its care,
With all its noiſe and ſtrife,
Intrudes not here; nor e'er diſturbs
My ſolitary life.

This peaceful cot for thrice ten years,
Has been my bleſt abode;
Where neither Pomp nor Pleaſure ſtrive
To draw me from my God.

Full thirty years from Folly's rout
To Fancy's train I ran,
Still hopeing I might chance to find
Where happineſs began.

But, ah! this world's a ſplendid dream,
Theſe honours but a cheat;
A gaudy Nothing——fair without,
But all within deceit.

To Pleaſure's ſhrine I daily bow'd,
And join'd the giddy throng——
Yet ſtill return'd unſatisfied,
Nor could be happy long.

To honours next my thoughts I turn'd,
To pageantry and ſtate——
" And ſure," ſaid I, " true Happineſs
" Reſides amongſt the great.

" Their ſplendid robes and beds of down,
" Their gardens large and fair,
" Muſt ſure beſpeak content and eaſe,
" And minds unus'd to care."

" Vain are your thoughts, your fancies vain,
Experience quick replies,
" This flow'r ſo fair, ſo tall, ſo ſweet,
" Soon droops, and fades, and dies.

" Each mortal pleaſure ſoon departs,
" And leaves no trace behind,
" But fell Vexation and Remorſe
" That ſting the human mind.

" In haſte then turn your wand'ring ſteps,
" Religion's path explore;
" Renounce the world, its vain purſuits,
" And Nature's God adore."

CREATION.

THE lofty pillars of the ſky,
And ſpacious concave rais'd on high,
Spangled with ſtars, a ſhining frame,
Their great original proclaim;

Th'unwearied

Th'unwearied ſun, from day to day,
Pours knowledge on his golden ray,
And publiſhes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as th'evening ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the liſt'ning earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:
Whilſt all the ſtars, that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in ſolemn ſilence, all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball!
What though no real voice nor ſound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!
In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever ſinging, as they ſhine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

THE HERMIT.

——I may aſſert eternal Providence,
And juſtify the ways of God to man. *Milton.*

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend hermit grew;
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the chryſtal well:
Remote from man, with God he paſs'd the days,
Pray'r all his bus'neſs, all his pleaſure praiſe

A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe,
Seem'd Heav'n itſelf, till one ſuggeſtion roſe;
That vice ſhould triumph, virtue vice obey,
This ſprung ſome doubt of Providence's ſway;
His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
And all the tenour of his ſoul is loſt:
So when a ſmooth expanſe receives impreſt
Calm nature's image on its watry breaſt,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And ſkies beneath with anſw'ring colours glow:
But if a ſtone the gentle ſea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry ſide,
And glimmering fragments of a broken ſun,
Banks, trees, and ſkies, in thick diſorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by ſight,
To find if books, or ſwains, report it right;
(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-ſtaff he bore,
And fix'd the ſcallop in his hat before;
Then with the ſun a riſing journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs,
And long and loneſome was the wild to paſs;
But when the ſouthern ſun had warm'd the day,
A youth came poſting o'er a croſſing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd,
And hail, my Son, the rev'rend ſire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from queſtion anſwer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road:
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart:
Thus ſtands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy claſps an elm around.

Now

Now ſunk the ſun; the cloſing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober grey;
Nature in ſilence bid the world repoſe:
When near the road a ſtately palace roſe:
There by the moon through ranks of trees they paſs,
Whoſe verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides of graſs.
It chanc'd the noble maſter of the dome,
Still made his houſe the wand'ring ſtranger's home:
Yet ſtill the kindneſs, from a thirſt of praiſe,
Prov'd the vain flouriſh of expenſive eaſe.
The pair arrive: the liv'ry'd ſervants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with coſtly piles of food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good.
Then led to reſt, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in ſleep, and ſilk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Freſh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighb'ring wood to baniſh ſleep.
Up riſe the gueſts, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the ſplendid hall;
Rich luſcious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind maſter forc'd the gueſts to taſte.
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cauſe of woe:
His cup was vaniſh'd; for in ſecret guiſe
The younger gueſt purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.
As one who ſpies a ſerpent in his way,
Gliſt'ning and baſking in the ſummer ray;
Diſorder'd ſtops to ſhun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on, and looks with fear:
So ſeem'd the ſire; when far upon the road,
The ſhining ſpoil his wily partner ſhow'd.

He

He ſtopp'd with ſilence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous actions meet a baſe reward.
While thus they paſs, the ſun his glory ſhrouds,
The changing ſkies hang out their ſable clouds;
A ſound in air preſag'd approaching rain,
And beaſts to covert ſcud acroſs the plain.
Warn'd by the ſigns, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To ſeek for ſhelter at a neighb'ring ſeat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a riſing ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a deſart there.
As near the miſer's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce riſing guſts with ſudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with ſhowers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock and call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length ſome pity warm'd the maſter's breaſt,
('Twas then, his threſhold firſt receiv'd a gueſt)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care
And half he welcomes in the ſhiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarſeſt ſort, with eager wine
(Each hardly granted) ſerv'd them both to dine:
And when the tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With ſtill remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd,
In one ſo rich, a life ſo poor and rude;
And why ſhou'd ſuch, within himſelf he cry'd,
Lock the loſt wealth a thouſand want beſide;
But what new marks of wonder ſoon took place,
In ev'ry ſettling feature of his face;

When

When from his veſt the young companion bore
That cup, the gen'rous landlord own'd before.
And paid profuſely with the precious bowl
The ſtinted kindneſs of this churliſh ſoul.
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The ſun emerging opes an azure ſky;
A freſher green the ſmelling leaves diſplay,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad maſter bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's boſom wrought,
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cauſe appear,
'Twas there a vice, and ſeem'd a madneſs here:
Deteſting that, and pitying this he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various ſhows.
Now night's dim ſhades again involve the ſky,
Again the wand'rers want a place to lie,
Again they ſearch, and find a lodging nigh.
The ſoil improv'd around, the manſion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its maſter's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praiſe, but virtue kind:
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bleſs the manſion, and the maſter greet:
Their greeting fair, beſtow'd with modeſt guiſe,
The courteous maſter hears, and thus replies:
Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly cheer.
He ſpoke, and bid the welcome table ſpread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave houſehold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and cloſe the hours with pray'r.

At

At length the world, renew'd by calm repoſe,
Was ſtrong for toil, the dappled morn aroſe;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant ſlept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O ſtrange return! grew black, and gaſp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only ſon!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue fire, cou'd more aſſault his heart.
Confus'd, and ſtruck with ſilence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with ſpeed.
His ſteps the youth purſues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a ſervant ſhow'd the way:
A river croſs'd the path; the paſſage o'er
Was nice to find; the ſervant trod before;
Long arms of oak an open bridge ſupply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs guide, and thruſt him in;
Plunging he falls, and riſing lifts his head,
Then flaſhing turns, and ſinks among the dead.
Wild, ſparkling rage inflames the Hermit's eyes,
He burſts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Deteſted wretch!——but ſcarce his ſpeech began,
When the ſtrange partner ſeem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points inveſt his hair;
Celeſtial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whoſe colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes diſplay.
The form ethereal burſts upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light.
Though loud at firſt the pilgrim's paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;

Surpriſe

Surpriſe in ſecret chains his words ſuſpends,
And in a calm his ſettling temper ends.
But ſilence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of muſick raviſh'd as he ſpoke.)
Thy pray'r, thy praiſe, thy life to vice unknown,
In ſweet memorial riſe before the throne:
Theſe charms, ſucceſs in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commiſſion'd, I forſook the ſky,
Nay, ceaſe to kneel——thy fellow-ſervant I.
Then know the truth of government divine,
And let theſe ſcruples be no longer thine.
The Maker juſtly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its ſacred majeſty through all depends,
On uſing ſecond means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uſes, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting ſons of men be ſtill.
What ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurpriſe,
Than thoſe which lately ſtruck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet taught by theſe, confeſs th'Almighty juſt,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt!
The great, vain man, who far'd on coſtly food,
Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry ſtands with goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his gueſts to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceleſs cuſtom loſt,
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of coſt.
The mean, ſuſpicious wretch, whoſe bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heav'n can bleſs, if mortals will be kind.

Conſcious

Conſcious of wanting worth he views the bowl,
And feels compaſſion touch his grateful ſoul.
Thus artiſts melt the ſullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And looſe from droſs, the ſilver runs below.
Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And meaſur'd back his ſteps to earth again.
To what exceſſes had his dotage run!
But God, to ſave the father, took the ſon.
To all but thee, in fits he ſeem'd to go,
(And 'twas my miniſtry to deal the blow)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the duſt,
Now owns in tears the puniſhment was juſt.
But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that falſe ſervant ſped in ſafety back;
This night his treaſur'd heaps he meant to ſteal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heav'n inſtructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, reſign, and ſin no more.
On ſounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The ſage ſtood wond'ring as the ſeraph flew.
Thus look'd Eliſha, when, to mount on high,
His maſter took the chariot of the ſky;
The fiery pomp aſcending, left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.
The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun,
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.
Then gladly turning, ſought his ancient place,
And paſs'd a life of piety and peace.

ELEGY

ELEGY OF A NIGHTINGALE.

FOR Eluſino loſt,——renew the ſtrain,
Pour the ſad note upon the ev'ning gale;
And as the length'ning ſhades uſurp the plain,
The ſilent moon ſhall liſten to the tale.

Sore was the time—ill fated was the hour,
The thicket ſhook with many an omen dire!
When from the topmoſt twig of yonder bow'r,
I ſaw my huſband—tremble and expire.

'Twas when the peaſant ſought his twilight reſt,
Beneath the brow of yonder breezy hill;
'Twas when the plumy nation ſought the neſt,
And all, but ſuch as lov'd the night, were ſtill.

That——as I ſat with all a lover's pride,
(As was my cuſtom when the ſun withdrew)
Dear Eluſino, ſudden left my ſide,
And the curs'd form of man appear'd in view.

For ſport, the tube he levell'd at our head,
And, curious to behold more near my race,
Low in the copſe the artful robber laid,
Explor'd our haunt, and thunder'd at the place:

Ingrateful wretch—he was our ſhepherd's ſon—
The harmleſs, good old tenant of yon cot!—
That ſhepherd would not ſuch a deed have done!—
'Twas love to him that fix'd us to this ſpot.

Oft as at eve his homeward ſteps he bent,
When the laborious taſk of day was o'er,
Our mellow'd warbling ſooth'd him as he went,
Till the charm'd hind—forgot that he was poor.

Ah!——could not this thy gratitude inſpire?
Could not our gentle viſitations pleaſe?
Could not the blameleſs leſſons of thy ſire [theſe.
Reſtrain thy barb'rous hand from crimes like

Oh, cruel boy!—thou tyrant of the plain!
Couldſt thou but ſee the ſorrows thou haſt made,
Or didſt thou know the virtues thou haſt ſlain,
And view the gloomy horrors of the ſhade:

Could thou—behold—my infant younglings lay,
In the moſs cradle which our bills prepar'd,
Babes as they were—the offspring of the day—
Their wings defenceleſs, and their boſoms bar'd:

Surely, the mighty malice of thy kind,
Thy pow'r to wrong, and readineſs to kill,
In common pity to the parent's mind,
Wou'd ceaſe the new-made father's blood to ſpill.

Haply—the time may come, when heav'n may give
To thee the troubles thou haſt heap'd on me:
Haply—ere well thy babes begin to live,
Death ſhall preſent the dart of miſery.

Juſt as the tender hope begins to riſe,
As the fond mother hugs her darling boy;
As the big rapture trembles in the eyes,
And the breaſt throbs with all a parent's joy:

Then may ſome midnight robber,—ſkill'd in guile,
Reſolv'd on plunder, and on deeds of death;
Thy fairy proſpects—tender tranſports ſpoil,
And to the knife—reſign thy children's breath.

In that ſad moment ſhall thy ſavage heart,
Feel the keen anguiſh, deſperate and wild,
Conſcience forlorn, ſhall doubly point the ſmart;
And juſtice whiſper—this is child for child.—

'Reft

'Reft of their ſire—my babes, alas! muſt ſigh—
For grief obſtruct's the widow's anxious care;
This waſted form—this ever-weeping eye,
And the deep note of deſtitute deſpair;

All load this boſom with a fraught, ſo ſore,
Scarce can I cater for their daily food!
Where'er I ſearch—my huſband ſearch'd before—
And ſoon—my neſt, will hold—an orphan brood!

THE GRAVE.

A POEM.

WHILST ſome affect the ſun, and ſome the ſhade,
Some flee the city, ſome the hermitage;
Their aims as various, as the roads they take
In journeying through life;——the taſk be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the *Tomb*;
The appointed place of rendezvous, where all
Theſe travellers meet——Thy ſuccours I implore,
Eternal King! whoſe potent arm ſuſtains
The keys of hell and death——The GRAVE, dread thing!
Men ſhiver when thou'rt nam'd: Nature appall'd
Shakes off her wonted firmneſs.—Ah! how dark
Thy long extended realms, and rueful waſtes!
Where nought but Silence reigns, and Night, dark Night,
Dark as was *Chaos*, ere the infant Sun
Was roll'd together, or had try'd his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.—The ſickly taper

By glimmering through thy low-brow'd miſty vaults,
(Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy ſlime,)
Lets falls a ſupernumerary horror,
And only ſerves to make thy night more irkſome.
Well do I know thee by thy truſty *Yew*,
Chearleſs, unſocial plant, that loves to dwell
'Midſt ſculls and coffins, epitaphs and worms:
Where light-heel'd ghoſts, and viſionary ſhades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embody'd thick, perform their myſtic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree, is thine.
See yonder hallow'd Fane!—the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And bury'd 'midſt the wreck of things which were:
There lie interr'd the more illuſtrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now I never heard a ſound ſo dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird
Rook'd in the ſpire, ſcreams loud: the gloomy iſles
Back-plaiſter'd, and hung round with ſhreds of 'ſcutcheons
And tatter'd coats of arms, ſend back the ſound,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The manſions of the dead.—Rous'd from their ſlumbers
In grim array the griſly ſpectres riſe,
Grim horrible, and, obſtinately ſullen,
Paſs and repaſs, huſh'd as the foot of Night.
Again the ſcreech-owl ſhrieks: ungracious ſound!
I'll hear no more, it makes one's blood run chill.
Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,
(Coeval near with that) all ragged ſhew,
Long laſh'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
Their branchleſs trunks: others ſo thin a top,
That ſcarce two crows can lodge in the ſame tree.

Strange

Strange things, the neighbours ſay, have happen'd here:
Wild ſhrieks have iſſu'd from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd.
(Such tales their cheer, at Wake or Goſſiping,
When it draws near to witching time of night.)
Oft, in the lone church-yard, at night, I've ſeen
By glimpſe of moon-ſhine, chequering thro' the trees,
The ſchool boy with his ſatchel in his hand,
Whiſtling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat ſtones,
(With nettles ſkirted, and with moſs o'ergrown,)
That tell in homely phraſe who lie below.
Sudden he ſtarts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The ſound of ſomething purring at his heels:
Full faſt he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till, out of breath, he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid *Apparition*, tall and ghaſtly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his ſtand
O'er ſome new-open'd grave; and (ſtrange to tell!)
Evaniſhes at crowing of the cock.
The new made Widow too, I've ſometimes ſpy'd,
Sad ſight! ſlow moving o'er the proſtrate dead:
Liſtleſs, ſhe crawls along in doleful black,
Whilſt burſts of ſorrow guſh from either eye,
Faſt falling down her now untaſted cheek.
Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
She drops; whilſt buſy meddling Memory,
In barbarous ſucceſſion, muſters up
The paſt endearments of their ſofter hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, ſtill ſhe thinks
She ſees him, and indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more cloſely to the ſenſeleſs turf,
Nor heeds the paſſenger who looks that way.

Inviduous *Grave*—how doſt thou rend in ſunder
Whom love has knit, and ſympathy made one?
A tie more ſtubborn far than Nature's band.
Friendſhip! myſterious cement of the ſoul;
Sweet'ner of life, and ſolder of ſociety;
I owe thee much. Thou haſt deſerv'd from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to pleaſe—Oh! when my friend and I
In ſome thick wood have wander'd heedleſs on,
Hid from the vulgar eye; and ſat us down
Upon the ſloping cowſlip cover'd bank,
Where the pure ſtream has ſlid along
In grateful errors through the under-wood,
Sweet-murmuring; methought the ſhrill-tongu'd Thruſh
Mended his ſong of love; the ſooty Blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and ſoften'd ev'ry note:
The Eglantine ſmell'd ſweeter, and the Roſe
Aſſum'd a dye more deep; whilſt every flower
Vy'd with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dreſs.—Oh! then, the longeſt ſummer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haſte: ſtill the full-heart
Had not imparted half: 'Twas happineſs
Too exquiſite to laſt. Of joys departed
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!
Dull *Grave*—thou ſpoil'ſt the dance of youthful blood;
Strik'ſt out the dimple from the cheek of Mirth,
And every ſmirking feature from the face;
Branding our *laughter* with the name of *madneſs*.
Where are the *Jeſters* now? the men of health
Complectionally pleaſant? Where the *Droll*,
Whoſe ev'ry look and geſture was a joke
To clapping theatres and ſhouting crouds,
And made even thick-lipp'd muſing Melancholy

To

To gather up her face into a ſmile
Before ſhe was aware! Ah! ſullen now,
And dumb, as the green turf that covers them.
Beauty—thou pretty plaything, dear deceit,
That ſteals ſo ſoftly o'er the ſtripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulſe, unknown before,
The *Grave* diſcredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
Thy roſes faded, and thy lilies ſoil'd,
What haſt thou more to boaſt of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks I ſee thee with thy head low laid;
While, ſurfeited upon thy damaſk cheek,
The high-fed *Worm*, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unſcarr'd.—For this, was all thy caution?
For this, thy painful labours at thy glaſs?
T'improve thoſe charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the ſpoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder,
Coarſe fare and carrion pleaſe thee full as well,
And leave as keen a reliſh on the ſenſe.
Look how the fair one weeps!——the conſcious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs:
Honeſt effuſion! the ſwoln heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloſs on its diſtreſs.
Strength too—thou ſurly, and leſs gentle-boaſt
Of thoſe that laugh loud at the village-ring,
A fit of common ſickneſs pulls thee down
With greater eaſe, than e'er thou didſt the ſtripling,
That raſhly dar'd thee to th'unequal fight.
What groan was that I heat'd?—Deep groan indeed!
With anguiſh heavy laden; let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the ſtrong man,
By ſtronger arm belabour'd, gaſps for breath,
Like a hard-hunted beaſt. How his great heart

Beats

Beats thick! his roomy cheſt by far too ſcant
To give the lungs full play.—What now avail
The ſtrong-built ſinewy limbs, and well ſpread ſhoulders?
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with pain!—Eagers he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and graſps it hard,
Juſt like a creature drowning: hideous ſight!
Oh! how his eyes ſtand out, and ſtare full ghaſtly!
Whilſt the diſtemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow 'croſs his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up.——Heard you that groan?
It was his laſt——See how the great *Goliah*,
Juſt like a child that brawl'd itſelf to reſt,
Lies ſtill—What mean'ſt thou then, O mighty Boaſter, [Bull,
To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the
Unconſcious of his ſtrength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man,
That, knowing well the ſlackneſs of his arm,
Truſts only in the well-invented knife?
Here the *Tongue warrior* lies, diſabled now,
Diſarm'd, diſhonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ail to paſſers by.
Great man of language,—whence this mighty change,
This dumb deſpair, and drooping of the head?
Tho' ſtrong Perſuaſion hung upon thy lip,
And ſly inſinuation's ſofter arts
In ambuſh lay about thy flowing tongue:
Alas! how chop-fallen now? Thick miſts and ſilence
Reſt, like a weary cloud, upon thy breaſt,
Unceaſing.—Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The ſtrength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With

With all the leſſer ornaments of Phraſe?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been,
Raz'd from the book of fame: or more provoking,
Perchance ſome hackney hunger bitten Scribbler
Inſults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhimes,
With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouze a dead man into rage,
And warm with red Reſentment the wan cheek.
Here the land-ſided *Miſer*, worſt of felons,
Who meanly ſtole (diſcreditable ſhift,)
From back, and belly too, their proper cheer;
(Eas'd of a tax, it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcaſe,) now lies cheaply lodg'd;
By clam'rous appetites no longer teas'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
Ah! now you've made the rich man poor indeed.
Robb'd of his Gods, what has he left behind?
O! curſed luſt of gold; when for thy ſake,
The fool throws up his int'reſt in both worlds:
Firſt ſtarv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.
How ſhocking muſt thy ſummons be, O *Death!*
To him that is at eaſe in his poſſeſſions;
Who, counting on long years of pleaſure here,
Is quite unfurniſh'd for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic Soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and ſhrieks for help,
But ſhrieks in vain!——How wiſhfully ſhe looks
On all ſhe's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer.
Oh! might ſhe ſtay to waſh away her ſtains,
And fit her for her paſſage.——Mournful ſight!
Her very eyes weep blood;——and ev'ry groan
She heaves is big with horror.——But the Foe,
Like a ſtanch murderer, ſteady to his purpoſe,
Purſues

Purſues her cloſe thro' ev'ry lane of life,
Nor miſſes once the track, but preſſes on;
Till forc'd at laſt to the tremenduous verge,
At once ſhe ſinks to everlaſting ruin.
Sure 'tis a ſerious thing *to die!*——My ſoul,
What a ſtrange moment muſt it be, when, near
Thy journey's end, thou haſt the gulf in view!
That awful gulf, no mortal ere repaſs'd
To tell what's doing on the other ſide.
Nature runs back, and ſhudders at the ſight,
And every life-ſtring bleeds at thoughts of parting;
For part they muſt: *Body* and *Soul* muſt part;
Fond couple; link'd more cloſe than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its almighty Source,
The witneſs of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noiſome *grave*,
Like a diſabled pitcher of no uſe.
If *Death* was nothing, and nought *after death*;
If when men dy'd, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of Nothing,
Whence firſt they ſprung; then might the Debauchee, [the wretch
Untrembling, mouth the Heavens:—Then might
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the ſlip,
By ſtealing out of being, when he pleas'd,
And by what way; whether by hemp, or ſteel.
Death's thouſand doors ſtand open. Who could force
The ill-pleas'd gueſt to ſit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes? Sure he does well,
That helps himſelf, as timely as he can,
When able—But if there is an *Hereafter*,
And that there is, Conſcience, uninfluenc'd,
And ſuffer'd to ſpeak out, tell's ev'ry man;
Then muſt it be an aweful thing *to die:*
More horrid yet, to die by one's own hand.

Self-

Self murder!—name it not: our iſland's ſhame:
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring ſtates.
Shall nature, ſwerving from her earlieſt dictate,
Self preſervation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it Heaven!——Let not, upon diſguſt,
The ſhameleſs hand be foully crimſon'd o'er
With blood of its own lord.—Dreadful attempt!
Juſt reeking from ſelf-ſlaughter, in a rage
To ruſh into the preſence of our Judge;
As if we challeng'd him to do his worſt,
And matter'd not his wrath.——Unheard of tortures
Muſt be reſerv'd for ſuch; theſe herd together;
The common Damn'd ſhun their ſociety,
And look upon themſelves as fiends leſs foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd,
How long, how ſhort, we know not:——this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the ſummons,
Nor dare to ſtir till Heav'n ſhall give permiſſion:
Like ſentries that muſt keep their deſtin'd ſtand,
And wait th'appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.
Thoſe only are the Brave who keep their ground,
And keep it to the laſt. To run away
Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worſt
Will ſoon blow over, thinking to mend ourſelves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark——'tis mad:
No frenzy half ſo deſperate as this.
Tell us, ye Dead; will none of you, in pity
To thoſe you left behind, diſcloſe the ſecret!
Oh! that ſome courteous ghoſt would blab it out,
What 'tis you are, and we muſt ſhortly be.
I've heard that ſouls departed have ſometimes
Forwarn'd men of their death:——'Twas kindly done

To knock, and give the alarm.---But what means
This ſtinted charity?——'Tis but lame kindneſs
That does its work by halves.——Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis *to die?*——Do the ſtrict laws
Of your ſociety forbid your ſpeaking
Upon a point ſo nice?——I'll aſk no more:
Sullen, like lamps in ſepulchres, your ſhine
Enlightens but yourſelves. Well,---'tis no matter;
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as cloſe.
Death's ſhafts fly thick:——Here falls the village ſwain, [round;
And there his pamper'd Lord.——The cup goes
And who ſo artful as to put it by?
'Tis long ſince Death had the majority,
Yet, ſtrange! *the living lay it not to heart!*
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The Sexton, hoary-headed chronicle,
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er ſtole
A gentle tear, with mattock in his hand,
Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors.——Scarce a ſkull's caſt up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some paſſage of his life.——Thus, hand in hand,
The ſot hath walk'd with *Death* twice twenty years; [louder,
And yet, ne'er Youngſter on the green laughs
Nor clubs a droller tale:---When drunkards meet,
None ſings a merrier catch, nor lends a hand
More willing to his cup.--Poor wretch! he minds not,
That ſoon ſome truſty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thouſands.

ON A CANARY-BIRD,

WHICH MADE ITS ESCAPE FROM A CAGE.

ON Harwood plain one bluſhing morn,
While warbling ſongſters hail'd the day;
And linnets perch'd upon the thorn,
Reſponſive ſung their pleaſing lay:

A poor Canary from her cage,
Beheld the happy flutt'ring throng;—
"Shall I," ſhe cries, "no love engage,
"To hear my ſolitary ſong?

"The livelong day in priſon pent,
"No partner ſooths me with his ſtrain;
"No tender lover gives content,
"Or ſtrives to eaſe me of my pain.

"How briſk they fly, from ſorrow free,
"Unknown to each ſeverer ill;
"How pleas'd they hop from tree to tree,
"Or ſip the winding bubbling rill.

"Whilſt I, for ever doom'd to dwell
"Within this wiry cage's bound;
"No comfort cheers my little cell,
"No wiſh'd for happineſs is found.

"Ah me!——but why do I complain?
"My miſtreſs loves her tender charge;
"She ſooths—'tis all ſhe can—my pain,
"But ah! my ſorrows ſtill enlarge."

She ſpoke——and breath'd a tender ſigh,
Her guardian Sylph her wiſhes knew;
The wire's unbent,——no hind'rance nigh—
Away the poor Canary flew.

How in that hour did Leſbia's breaſt
Feel the ſad force of ſorrow's ſmart?
Her fav'rite's gone——adieu to reſt,
Soft Peace hath left poor Leſbia's heart.

Her lover ſtrives to give her eaſe,
And mourns the warbler's hopeleſs fate;
But now e'en Strephon cannot pleaſe,
Poor Leſbia ſits and frowns in ſtate.

And now behold the falling tear,
Which ſhades the luſtre of her eye;
Thus near the ſun the clouds appear,
And ſpeak a riſing tempeſt nigh.

O'er all the plain ſhe hies with care,
From tree to tree ſhe ſeeks her bird,
But ah! her fav'rite is not there;
Each winding vale her ſorrows heard.

In vain ſhe roves,—no hope remains—
Far hence the gay deceiver's flown,
And left her miſtreſs on the plains,
Her ill-tim'd abſence to bemoan.

How ſhall the Muſe, no longer gay,
The ſequel of this tale relate?
Attend, fair Maid, this penſive lay,
And hear the poor Canary's fate.

Long time ſhe wander'd thro' the grove,
Long time ſought Peace in that retreat;—
Alas! no mate return'd her love,
No place to reſt her wearied feet.

Penſive

Penſive ſhe trembled on the ſpray,
And to a Redbreaſt told her tale:
Far from the cheering light of day,
In the deep winding of a vale.

"Learn hence," ſhe cry'd, "to guard your heart,
"From roving heedleſs unconfin'd;
"Content from ſuch will ſure depart,
"Nor leave one pleaſing bliſs behind.

"For this I fall;——Oh! luckleſs hour!
"When firſt I left my happy cage;
"I then had dwelt in that bleſt bower,
"Nor periſh'd in unripen'd age."

She ſaid—and dropt beneath the ſpray—
The Redbreaſt ſaw the mournful ſcene;
In ſilent ſorrow all the day,
He gather'd leaves upon the green:

At night he came—the feather'd quire
Attend him to the doleful vale;
They ſtrew the leaves——then ſad retire,
And hear the penſive mournful tale.

NOVEMBER.

AN ELEGY.

FAR in the north, amidſt the Lapland ſkies
Where Phœbus ſcarce reflect his feeble ray
November dwells—around him tempeſts riſe,
And murky clouds mark out his watry way.

From his dark palace, ſee! his courſe he bends
In annual rout to viſit ſouthern climes;
A diſmal train, as meſſengers, attends
To tell the tidings of the alter'd times.

Yon lofty mountain ſcowling o'er the main,
Diſdains the fierceneſs of November's blaſts;
Protects the ſhip-boy from the pelting rain,
And ſkreens from harm the veſſels lofty maſts.

Now, from the hills pours down the ſweeping flood,
Whilſt the ſad ſhepherd trembles for his fold,
Forth from his cottage hies in penſive mood
To ſeek his cattle ſcatter'd o'er the wold.

Now a brown horror o'er the foreſt low'rs,
Whilſt angry whirlwinds ſcud along the dale;
Autumn's laſt joys are ſwept by driving ſhow'rs,
And fall a tribute to November's gale.

Ah! Muſe! behold with tears the alter'd ſcene!
Still let me turn a ling'ring glance behind;
Ah! where the daiſied plain, the feſtive green,
And all the pleaſures of the cottage hind!

Where now, alas! the cool ſequeſter'd grot,
The bubbling rill, the flow'r enamell'd lawn;
Where crowding cattle near yon ſhelter'd cot,
Snuff'd the ſoft fragrance of the early dawn.

How chang'd the ſcene! how alter'd nature's face!
Black rolls the tempeſt thro' the darken'd ſky;
The wilder'd traveller with weary pace,
Looks round in vain and finds no ſhelter nigh.

In darkeſt night while horror reigns around,
The wretch by gloomy melancholy led,
With folded arms walks o'er yon ſacred ground,
And holds a ſolemn converſe with the dead.

See! ſettled Grief hath mark'd him for her own!
His hollow eye proclaims the doleful tale;
Yet ſure he does not—cannot grieve alone—
Go, ſearch his ſtory in yon ſecret vale.

There, where yon trees afford a ſcanty ſhade,
He once was happy in a wife he lov'd;
Contentment ſtill he found within the glade,
From cities diſtant, from the court remov'd.

Here long they dwelt devoid of mortal care,
In mutual pleaſures they beguil'd the day:
Till Heav'n thought fit to part a love ſo rare,
And call'd Lavinia from her ſwain away.

Two ſmiling babes are ſtill Lycander's joy,
He hears their prattle with a heart of pain;
To trace their mother's features his employ,
On each he ſmiles—then grief recurs again.

Grieve not, fond man, nor deem thy caſe ſevere,
Sorrow's the portion of the good and brave;
Live like Lavinia——be an angel here,
Then ſoar, with her, to joys beyond the grave.

E'en whilſt November holds his tyrant reign,
Whilſt herbs, fruits, flow'rs, confeſs his potent ſway;
The happy ſhepherd whiſtles o'er the plain,
And braves the rigour of the ruthleſs day.

At morn, whilſt yet the nightly damps remain,
Whilſt yet thick clouds defend the mountain's ſide,
Whilſt bitter blaſts aſſail and driving rain,
He leaves awhile his happy village bride.

See! with his plough he turns the furrow'd land,
Prepares the harveſt of a future year;
Kind Induſtry revives beneath his hand,
Grants roſy health, and wholeſome homely cheer.

At noon, beneath the blaſted thorn he ſits,
Where ſcatter'd leaves hang trembling o'er his head;
Hither his flocks, a place which well befits,
From the bleak wind are oft for ſhelter led.

But hold! around the ev'ning miſts prevail,
Night in her blackeſt deadlieſt robe appears;
Dread howls are heard upon the riſing gale,
Nor one mild ſtar the dreary proſpect cheers.

Now the tir'd ſwain unyokes his wearied team,
And fodders well each patient uſeful beaſt;
With tranſport ſees his happy cottage gleam,
Where his expecting wife prepares the feaſt.

Whilſt yet he travels o'er the clotted clay,
And buttons cloſe againſt the cutting blaſt;
His tender partner chides the ling'ring day,
Nor once regrets the minutes that are paſt.

O ye whoſe hearts with melting kindneſs glow!
Think what it is in mutual bliſs to ſhare;
A bliſs which none but raptur'd lovers know!
A bliſs, which even lovers can't declare!

With

With ſmiles of love ſhe meets him at the door,
Receives him wtth a gentle ſoft embrace:
Now let November's blaſts around them roar,—
Calm Peace alone adorns this happy place.

The dainty diſh now ſmokes upon the board,
The crackling fire diffuſes warmth around;
Sweet converſe now theſe pleaſing hours afford,
And fond deſire and calm content abound.

Hence then to cells, ye ſolitary ſouls,
Where love ne'er ventures thro' the jarring grate;
Shudder alone, whilſt Boreas round you rolls,
Nor brings one comfort to your hapleſs ſtate.

Be mine the Nymph with ſoft expreſſive eye,
Whoſe gentle ſoul each tender thought conceives;
Whom love hath taught to heave the tender ſigh,
Who all my pain and anxious care relieves!

Mine be the Nymph whoſe breaſt fair Virtue warms,
Whoſe honor's ſacred and whoſe heart's ſincere:
Then look not far for one who ſweetly charms,
Shepherds behold!——behold Cordelia here.

Yes, my lov'd Maid! excuſe th'imperfect lay,
The Muſe reſponſive ſings not but for you;
Together let us tread the pleaſing way,
Poſſeſs'd of hearts as honeſt as they're true.

AN ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lee,
The plowman homewards plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch, as wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient, ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe breathing morn,
The ſwallow twittering from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her ev'ning care:
No children run to liſp their fire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their teem afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke.

Let not ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor grandeur here, with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th'inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the long drawn iſle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to ecſtaſy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the ſpoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwel guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th'applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſt'ry in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of luxury and pride
With incenſe kindled at the muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th'unletter'd muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor caſt one longing ling'ring look behind.

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our aſhes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th'unhonour'd dead
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall inquire thy fate,

Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
" Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn
" Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away
" To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
" That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
" His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
" And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
" Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
" Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
" Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopleſs love.

" One

" One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
" Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree:
" Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
" Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

" The next with dirges due in ſad array,
" Slow through the church-way path we ſaw him
" borne,
" Approach and read (for thou can'ſt read) the
" Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair ſcience frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
The boſom of his Father and his God.

THE END.